

JOHN BULL



How on earth can I keep *my* undies as new-looking as yours?

A. Perhaps you wash them too hard. Rubbing isn't good for artificial silk you know.

Q. Yes, I know, but how shall I get them really clean?

A. Wash them with Persil and *hand-warm* water. Persil is more than soap; its active oxygen lather is so *thoroughly* cleansing that you need only squeeze your things gently in the Persil water and all the dirt will come out at once.

Are you using the Free Persil Service?

The Persil Washing Service offers complete washing advice free. Call at your local Persil Institute, or cut out this paragraph and send it with your name and address to Dept. 527, Crosfield's, Warrington, for the free Persil Washing Handbook.



PERSIL'S soapsuds are made active by oxygen; the oxygen carries the cleansing right through the weave, gently removing the finest dirt which even violent rubbing might leave untouched. And you get that helpful *extra* cleansing power, too, in water that's hardly warm. That's why it's the safest for fine things—and the most thorough. Persil is in 3½d and large 6d packets.

THE

AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER



**GET THE
BIG FREE BOOK!**

SEND

A POSTCARD NOW!

This fine shockproof wrist
watch nickelplated case,
one payment only 5/-.

WRITE TO-DAY
FOR H. Samuel's
FREE BOOK OF
3,000 money - saving
Factory Bargains in
Watches & Jewellery
with Free Prizes!

H. SAMUEL
DEPT. 100 MARKETS
MANCHESTER

5/-



STILL LEADING IN PRICE & QUALITY

2 PAIRS MEN'S FANCY HOSE

FREE!

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY—DON'T PAY MORE!



Smart Weather-Resisting Shoes, with uppers of exact appearance of imitation grained leather—Stout rubber soles wrapped 3/16 in. thick to give amazingly long wear. Solid rubber heels. Wide welts. Full Protection guaranteed against rain. 8 cushion lining for comfort.

ZIP-FASTENER PULLOVER FREE

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY to advertise our new *Chetique* you make this stupendous offer of 6 Pairs of MEN'S SOCKS for 3/- with zip-fastener Pullover absolutely FREE! Socks are of good quality medium-weight material, in neat patterns and colors. The socks shown are *knickerbocker* style, but ordered with this *Five Pullover* to greater bargain can possibly be imagined. But you must order NOW—this offer cannot be repeated.

3/- POST 9d.

BLACK or BROWN Men's shoes 6 to 11.

ROSE BROS. (Ld.) 69, CHURCH ST., CROYDON.

6 PAIRS 3/-

Post and Packing 9d.



A 15¢ FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR LIST

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many Biked with **Stamper-Avcher** 3-speed gear and Dunlop tires. Approval willingly, carried out. As an advertisement to

15¢ Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

FREE

Chas. H. Robey

ONE WARREN, AN 24, COVENTRY

Further Huge Furniture DISPOSAL

A huge Purchase of several Manufacturers' entire stocks of high-grade Furniture enables us to offer these sensational bargains. THIS TREMENDOUS DISPOSAL—AN EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF FURNITURE TRADING—provides an unparalleled opportunity to secure high-grade Furniture pieces at low prices which are out of all proportion to the high values given, and in many cases far below manufacturing costs. SECURE YOUR BARGAINS NOW. Call at one of our Branches, or POST YOUR ORDER TO-DAY.

WE MAKE
FREE
DELIVERY
IN THE
GREATER
LONDON
AREA

GARDEN SHELTER & 2 CHAIRS



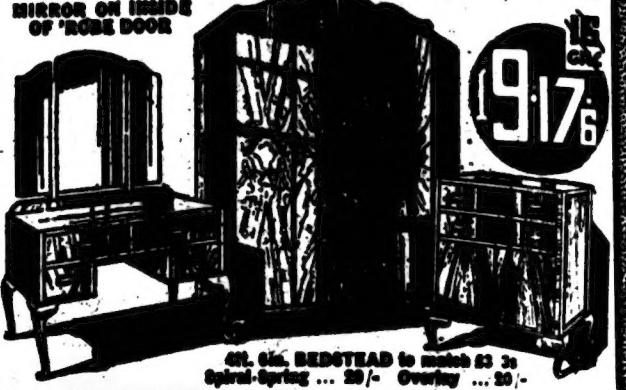
No. SP119.—Extremely strong folding frame with stout corner posts. Size of shelter: Width 6 ft., depth 3 ft. 6 in.; height at front 6 ft.; height at back 5 ft. 6 in. Two Deck Chairs are included in this outfit. Full-sized, covered in best Scottish Jute. Carr. 2/6 extra.

3-Piece Rex & Velour Suite



No. M 11 X.—This attractive 3-Piece Suite is well upholstered in grained dark Rex with hard-wearing velour covering over the well-sprung seats. Antique studding and ball-feet are other details that make this wonderful value for money. Settee measures 42 in. between arms. Depth of seat 23 in. Easy chair 30 in. between arms. Depth of seat 22 in. Part cost Carr. and Pkg. 3/- extra.

4 ft Figured Walnut Suite



No. S.P. 122. A really high-grade SUITE, with perfectly matched veneering, and a remarkably fine finish for such a low-priced production. The modern 4 ft. Wardrobe is mounted on cabriole legs, and interior is fitted sliding hanger rail and hooks, with large plate mirror on inside of door, 3 ft. 6 in. knee-hole Dressing Table has large triple mirrors and four drawers. The distinctive Millinery chest has two spacious drawers with commodious cupboard below enclosed by two doors. Part Carriage and Packing 10/- extra.

Clearance Offer! at lower than Cost Price!



RUBBER ROLLER WRINGER & STAND
No. 9998.—Of great strength and mechanical perfection. GUARANTEED 5 Years. 16 in. rubber rollers. 3-way clamps for either table or wash-tub. Double clothes slide and metal frame. Strong wooden stand with foot board. Usual Price 40/- Complete. Part Carr. & Pkg. 2/6 extra.



2 ft. KITCHEN DRESSERETTE
No. 728 CDX.—Very strongly constructed of well-seasoned Deal sided body for staining or painting. Fitted with drawer and one removable shelf. Lock and Key. Height 3 ft. 4 in. Width 24 in. Depth 16 in. Usual Price 20/- Part cost of Packing & Carr. 1/6 extra.

BOOT RACK with drawer

No. SP 1.—Made of selected oak finished rich brown shade. Fitted two racks (4 rolls) and curtain rail with rings, also spacious drawer at top for brushes, polishers, etc. Height 25 in. width 21 in. depth 13 in. Usual Price 30/- Part Carriage and Packing 1/6 extra.



BED CHAIR
Adjustable to 3 positions
No. 100 G.—Width 24 in. Depth of seat 22 in. Extends to 5 ft. 3 in. Strongly built. Good quality Brown Corduroy. Chair by day or night. Usual Price 20/- Part Carr. & Pkg. 2/6 extra.

2 ft. FIGURED OAK BOOKSHELF
Adjustable Shelves.
No. 728 X.—Soundly constructed of Oak and fitted with shelves which can be adjusted to any required spacing by a simple method of brass pins in slots. Finely finished a rich medium brown. Height 40 in. Width 24 in. Depth 7 in. Usual Price 20/- Part Carr. & Pkg. 1/6 extra.

5 ft. GARDEN SEAT



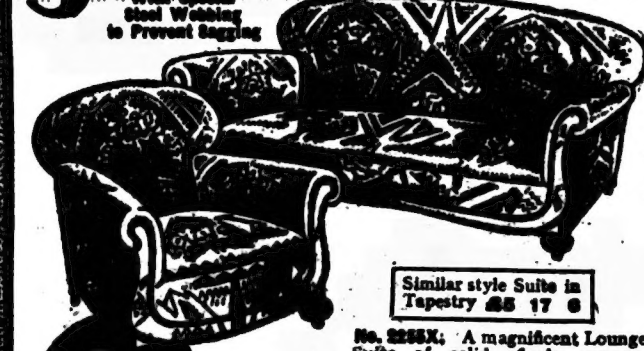
No. 673 CD.—Strongly made and well finished. Painted Green. This 5 ft. garden seat will stand heavy wear and all metal parts receive three coats of paint, assuring long and useful service.

DECK CHAIRS



No. 1704 CD.—Best Scottish Jute, very strong, coppered rivets throughout. Length 41 in. Width 18 in. Packing and Carriage 2/- extra.

3-Piece Velour Suite



No. 2255X.—A magnificent Lounge Suite of solid finely proportioned design, well sprung on sturdy frames, with special steel webbing to prevent sagging. Upholstered in finest velour of beautiful design in Brown or Fawn or Blue. The Settee measures 42 in. between arms. Easy Chairs 31 in. between arms. Settee sold separately £3. Easy Chairs sold separately £4 each. Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.

Magnificent Oak Dining Suite

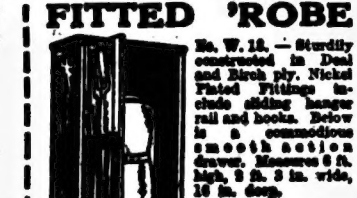


No. SP 112.—At the low price, this fine Dining Suite represents one of London's greatest Furniture Bargains. The 4 ft. modern style SIDEBOARD is solidly built of selected grained Oak. Finished rich Jacobean, and has two spacious cupboards and three drawers. Top is fitted with mirror. SIDEBOARD, sold separately, 40/- DINING TABLE, 2 ft. square opening to 5 ft. x 3 ft., sold separately, 40/- DINING CHAIRS, with loose seats covered Raxine, 10/- each. Suite complete with 6 chairs 85 17 6. Part Carriage and Packing on Suite, 5/- extra.

The Most Sensational Bargains Ever Offered!



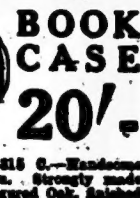
No. 997.—The Ideal Tent for the Hiker or Rambler because of the simple and quick method of erection and extreme lightness in weight. Cover is of fully proofed White Canvas and measures 6 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, with 6 in. walls. Supplied complete with accessories—poles, guy ropes, pegs, etc. Part Carr. & Pkg., 1/6 extra.



No. W 12.—Sturdily constructed in Deal and Birch ply. Nickel Plated Fittings include sliding hanger rail and hooks. Below is a commodious smooth action drawer. Measures 6 ft. high, 3 ft. 3 in. wide, 16 in. deep. Part cost Carriage & Packing 2/6 extra.



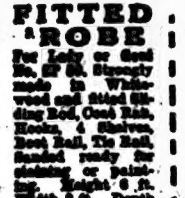
No. 215 G.—Handsome design. Strongly made in Figured Oak. Finished rich Jacobean shade. Fitted pigeon-hole, drawer and two shelves. Also in Walnut finish. Width 2 ft. 3 in., Height 3 ft. 4 in., Depth 9 in. Part Carr. and Pkg. 2/6 extra.



No. 215 G.—Handsome design. Strongly made in Figured Oak. Finished rich Jacobean shade. Fitted pigeon-hole, drawer and two shelves. Also in Walnut finish. Width 2 ft. 3 in., Height 3 ft. 4 in., Depth 9 in. Part Carr. and Pkg. 2/6 extra.



No. 215 G.—Handsome design. Strongly made in Figured Oak. Finished rich Jacobean shade. Fitted pigeon-hole, drawer and two shelves. Also in Walnut finish. Width 2 ft. 3 in., Height 3 ft. 4 in., Depth 9 in. Part Carr. and Pkg. 2/6 extra.



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BOLSOMS'

60, OXFORD ST. W.1
Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Close Saturday at 1 p.m.

£35,000 WORTH OF MANUFACTURERS STOCKS AT LESS THAN COST!

CALL OR POST YOUR ORDER NOW! To Dept. J.B.4, 40/44, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Do not forget to add Carriage and Packing Charges when sending remittance. Cheques, Money Orders and P.O.'s should be crossed. Treasury Notes should be registered. GOODS ARE SENT CARRIAGE FORWARD ONLY to Scotland, Ireland and addresses off the mainland. WE MAKE FREE DELIVERY IN THE GREATER LONDON AREA.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED.

Largest Cash Commission.
NO OUTLAY. NO TROUBLE.
NO EXPENSES.
Send for particulars.

50% OFF

Bed-Settee Suite in REX. & VELOUR



SETTEE 23 15s.
3-PIECE SUITE 27 15s.
No. S.P. 171X—This extremely well-built **BED-SETTEE SUITE** is upholstered in a combination of finely grained Rexine and a modern design Velour seating in Brown and Fawn, also in all Damask. Antique studding and Solid ball feet are additional refinements that greatly enhance the pleasing appearance of the Suite. The Settee is easily converted by a simple operation into a Bed measuring 72 ins. by 54 ins. Easy Chairs measure 22 ins. between arms, depth of seat 23 ins.

Substantial 2ft 6 Oak Bedroom Suite



No. SP 102.—A soundly built 2 ft. 6 in. **SUITE** in nicely grained Oak polished a rich medium Brown and well finished throughout. The **WARDROBE** is fitted with nickel plated hanger rail and hooks, with mirror on inside of door and stands 6 ft. high. The **MIRROR** on the dressing table is of bevelled plate glass. *Packing and Carriage 5/- extra.*

5 ft. GARDEN UMBRELLA with CARD TABLE



No. 610 C.—5 ft. Garden Umbrella with scalloped valance and metal pole, and a 20 in. Card Table with a centre bush to take the Umbrella. The top of the Card Table is covered in washable fabric. *Part Carriage and Packing 2 6 extra.*

Buttermilk Supreme!—All other Values Smashed!!

COT, OVERLAY, MATTRESS & PILLOW

20/-
Complete.
Part Carr. & Packing 2/6 extra.
No. 210 BX.—Cot of stout selected wood, stained, polished and fitted with a strong wire mattress, well filled Overlay and Pillow in sturdy woven covers. One side can be dropped. The whole cot is easily fitted up or taken down. Mounted on castors. Size 4 ft. long x 2 ft. wide, height about 9 ft. 10 in.

6ft. HALLSTAND

Fitted with Mirror, etc.
No. SP 54.—Well and strongly made of well-seasoned Oak, beautifully panelled. Latest Modern Design, fitted with oxidized hat and coat hooks and umbrella drip-pane, with commodious locker below, which also constitutes a convenient seat. Finished rich Jacobean. One of the biggest furnishing bargains ever offered. Height 79 ins. Width 24 ins. Depth 13 inches. *Usually 40/-, Part Carr. & Pkg. 2/0/-*

7 1/2 yds. Stair Carpet, 14 Rods & 28 Eyes

No. SP 54.—A Bargain Offer of 7 1/2 yards of Stair Carpeting 18 in. wide. 14 Solid Oak Stair Rods, polished a rich brown shade, 24 in. long, and 28 oxidized eyes for 10/- complete. Carpeting available in Red, Blue, Green or Gold 3 or 6 or 9 with Mottled centre. *Part Carriage and Packing, 1/9 Extra. 10/-*

FULL-SIZE RECLINER CHAIR

SP 2.—A full-size reclining chair at a ridiculously low price. Strongly made of seasoned oak and polished a rich Brown. The amply-filled lower cushions are covered covered velvet, and the back is adjustable to 3 positions. Width 22 in. Depth of seat 22 in. Height 24 in. *Part Carr. & Pkg. 1/9 extra. 10/-*

CHROMIUM KERB SUITE

With Non-Covered Seats
No. SP 77.—A solidly built job of unusually effective design. In unobtainable Chromium with Rex covered seats lined loose metal boxes for coal. Including: Curb, Screen, Companion Set and Fire Front. *Part Carr. & Pkg. 2 6 extra. 20/-*

Handsome 4ft Oak Suite

14 Gns.
177
No. SP 110.—Bedroom Suite of a simple yet pleasing character and a splendid example of first-class workmanship. The Oak used is specially selected for its graining, and is finished a rich Jacobean Brown. The 4 ft. Wardrobe has a plate-glass mirror on door front, and interior is fitted hanger rail and hooks. 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table has triple frameless mirrors and two drawers. Chest has three spacious drawers. *Part Carr. & Packing 7/6 extra.*
OAK BEDSTEAD 4 ft. 6 in. to match, 20/-.
Spiral Spring Mattress 20/-, Overlay 20/-.

3-Piece Fine Rexine Suite

PATENT SPRINGING
15 17/6
No. SP 101.—The Suite is heavily padded all over with deeply sprung seats and upholstered in Rexine and fitted with two well filled loose cushions. **SETTEE** 44 in. wide between arms, depth of seat 24 in. **EASY CHAIRS** 22 in. wide between arms, depth of seat 24 in. *Part Carriage 7/6 extra.*

12in. LAWN MOWER

WITH BOX & SHIELD
20/-
No. 900.—A strong Mower with long wheelbase, easy running, special full-size 12 in. 5-bladed revolving cylinder, with high gear ratio. Adjustment for chiselling. Complete with grass box and shield. Also 10 in. Model of same at 15/- *Part Carr. & Pkg. 2 6 extra.*
10/- CAMP BED
No. 734 CD.—Has strong Beech frame-work, with steel brackets and covered in super quality 18 oz. grey duck. Folds flat into compact bundle when not in use. Size of Bed open: Length 6 ft. 4 in. x 25 in. wide. *Part Carriage & Packing 1 9 extra.*

The Stocks are Limited—Post your Order Now!

COMBINATION BED
Complete with **SPRING**.
No. 210 BX.—Strongly built, with 11 in. grained Oak panels fitted with spiral spring mattress. *Usually 40/-, Part Carr. & Pkg. 2 6 extra.*

STURDY FIRESIDE CHAIR
No. SP 117.—Sturdily made Fire-side Chair with solid frame and fitted with comfortable loose cushion covered Brown Velvet. Back is covered in grained Rexine. Height 34 in. Depth of seat 18 in. Width 21 in. *Usually 19/-, Part Carriage and Packing 1 9 extra. 10/-*

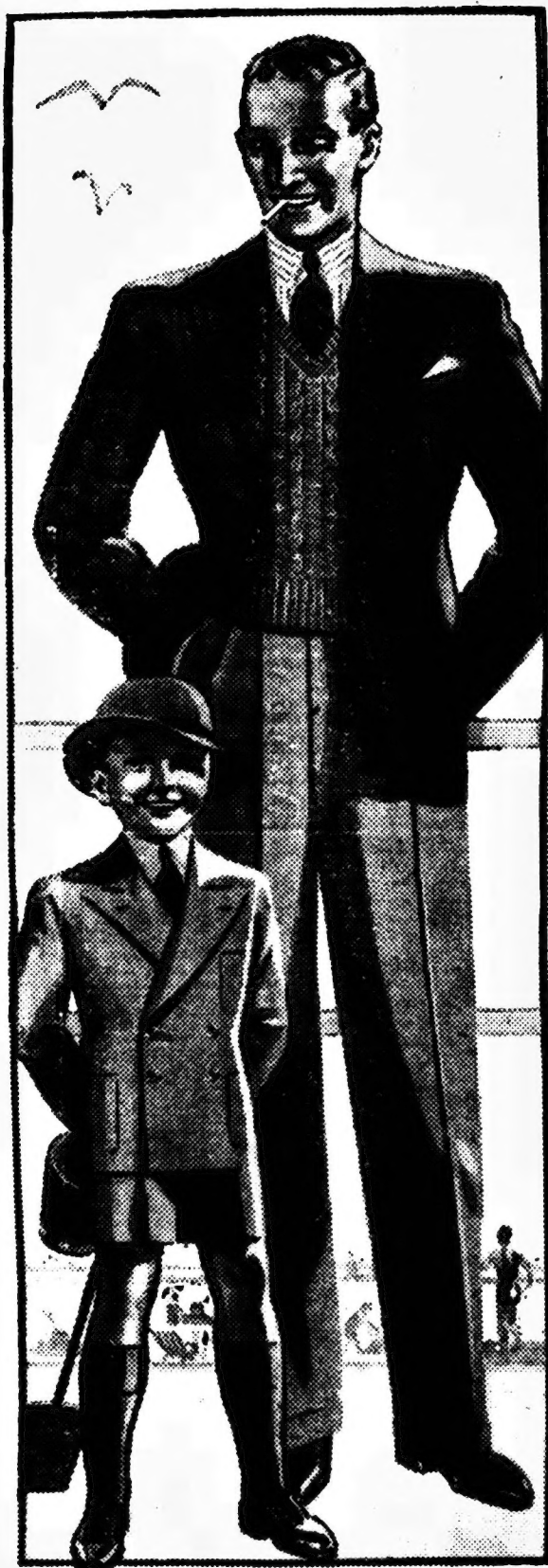
RECORD CABINET TABLE
IN OAK OR WALNUT FINISH
Usual Price 20 6.
Part Carriage and Packing 5/6 extra.
No. 270.—Thoroughly well-made in selected figured Walnut or Grained Oak and fitted with 2 shelves and 2 side flaps. Polished light Brown. Size 2 ft. 6 in. high, 18 in. wide and 16 in. deep. 22 in. wide with flaps extended.

BEAUTIFULLY FIGURED WALNUT BUREAU
Usual Price 40/-.
Part Carr. & Pkg. 4/0/-
DELIVERY FREE in Greater London.
No. 220.—A beautiful fully made BUREAU in nicely figured veneered Walnut, richly polished. Automatic while action. Width 2 ft. 6 in. Height 3 ft. 3 in. Depth 16 in. An 8 in. 8 in. at the Price.

Comfortable Fireside CHAIR WITH SHAPED ARMS
No. SP 118.—Extra comfortable 7 in. deep resilient cushion upholstered in Brown Velvet with padded edges. Exceptionally well made. *Usually 20 6, Part Carr. & Pkg. 2 6 extra. 15/-*

POST YOUR ORDER TO DEPT. J.B.4 OR CALL!
40-44, STRAND, W.C.2
Closes daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY to 9 p.m.
58, DEANSATE, MANCHESHER

Start to-day—don't Delay Smoke Black Cat and be Well Dressed FREE



FLANNEL SUIT For Boys

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production
Well cut jacket and double seated shorts
in medium grey flannel. To fit boys
from 3 to 14 years of age. State age only.
Ages: 3, 3½, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12,
12½, 13½, 14.

FREE for smoking only 60 packets
of Black Cat Red Band 20's
= 300 coupons.

FLANNEL TROUSERS

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

British-made. Fully cut on best
West End principle. Obtain-
able in 39 fittings. NOW IN-
CLUDING YOUTHS. Be sure
to state whether FASHION-
ABLE SILVER or MEDIUM
GREY shade required, and give
WAIST and INSIDE LEG
measurements.

SIZE	WANT
25 in.	26
26 in.	27
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96 in.	97
97 in.	98
98 in.	99
99 in.	100

FREE for smoking only 40 packets of Black
Cat Red Band 20's = 200 coupons.

MEN'S CABLE STITCH WOOLLEN SLIP-OVER

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Conforms to the latest idea in Sports-Wear. It leaves the arms
free and is a great favourite with Sportsmen. In grey and maroon.
In sizes—Chest 34", 36", 38", 40". Please state chest measurement
OVER waistcoat. Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 55 packets of Black
Cat Red Band 20's = 275 coupons.

SINGLE-BREASTED SPORTS JACKET

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Button three, D.B. lapels. Outside breast-pocket. Seam back, no
vent. EXCLUSIVE patterns in BROWN check or GREY check.
Chest measurements: 32", 34", 35", 36", 37", 38", 39", 40", 42".
(Chest measurements must be taken OVER waistcoat and not over
jacket). Please state size and shade required.

FREE for smoking only 120 packets of Black
Cat Red Band 20's = 600 coupons.

TENNIS SHIRT

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Sports neck model. From Horrocks Mercerised cream poplin.
Sizes: Neckband: 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½.
Please state neckband required.

FREE for smoking only 40 packets of Black
Cat Red Band 20's = 200 coupons.

Thousands of people have taken ad-
vantage of Black Cat's finest offer of
British Sportswear—you should take
advantage too. Never forget that by
smoking Black Cat Cigarettes you are
getting 100% pure Virginia 'Quality'
tobacco as well as BETTER GIFTS for
FEWER COUPONS—The Black Cat
Gift Book of myriad useful gifts will
clearly demonstrate the fine coupon
values—Write for it to:—

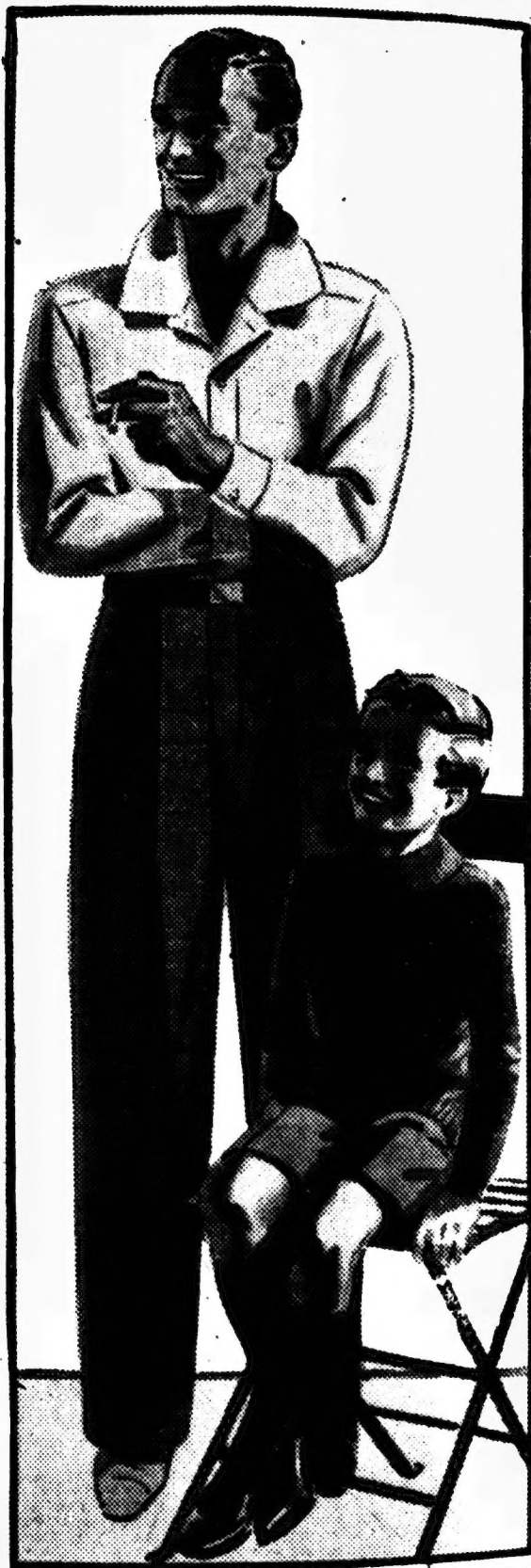
Black Cat Gifts Dept. 8, Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, N.W.1

smoke

Black Cat

THE 100% PURE VIRGINIA 'QUALITY' CIGARETTE

for the finest gifts!



BOYS' WOOLLEN JERSEY

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production

Size No. 3 4 5 6 7
Chest 21 23 24 25 27 ins.
Specially knitted to fit. In grey, brown,
saxe blue or scarlet.
Please state colour and size required.

FREE for smoking only 30 packets
of Black Cat Red Band 20's
= 150 coupons.

REMEMBER THERE ARE 5 FULL VALUE COUPONS IN EVERY 20 PACKET BLACK CAT RED BAND!



THURSDAY,

for week ending Saturday, May 20, 1933. Two-pence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 11d. 15, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

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Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

DUD DERBY

"SWEEPS"

THE race for the Derby on the last day of this month is again being made the medium of a series of barefaced lottery ramps upon the public.

Since the police and postal machinery which was devised to stem the flow of money to foreign sweepstake enterprises broke down hopelessly two years ago, the professional lottery promoter at home has become so dangerously audacious that he is to-day in control of the most gigantic illicit industry this country has ever known.

Thousands of people have been employed for months in preparing to gather in the harvest the Derby will afford.

There can scarcely be a home in the whole of Britain which has not received an appeal in the form of an unsolicited book of sweepstake tickets on behalf of some supposed branch of charity.

The individuals who are openly directing this new and colossal traffic under the cloak of charity have nothing to fear from the law.

A few of them will probably appear in the police courts about Derby week to answer summonses for offences against the Lottery Acts. What matter?

Before he launches a large-scale sweepstake on a national basis, the promoter expects to have to face the magistrate. He makes provision for it at the outset, in fact, by including the amount of the possible fine in the estimate of expenses.

A PROSECUTION, he knows, need not deter him. It will not arouse any suspicion against the sweepstake itself, because magistrates now treat the distribution and vending of sweepstake tickets as a purely technical offence and impose only trifling penalties.

It is not, indeed, the duty of magistrates to investigate the genuineness of the sweepstakes mentioned in their courts, because every prosecution nowadays concerns only the illegality of them as distinct from the honesty of their objects and of the people conducting them.

If the charges were framed so that the real circumstances in which most of the sweepstakes have been promoted, and the identity of the men who organise them, could be revealed, the general public would be so shocked that the fount of support would instantly and completely dry up.

JOHN BULL is not concerned for the moment with the desirability of legalising sweepstakes in Britain to compete with the Irish hospitals venture and other lotteries controlled abroad.

All these foreign sweepstakes have about them undesirable features, however definite may appear to be the guarantees which accompany them. But the worst of the lot are immeasurably more to be commended than many of the big lotteries which have been organised at home upon this year's Derby.

The foreign sweepstakes have at least deposited with trustees a prize-fund of a minimum but definite amount, they issue receipts for the money subscribed, and they publish balance-sheets, however unsatisfactory some of these documents are when the proportion of the proceeds devoted to "expenses" comes to be examined.

None of these precautions or protections will be found in any of the large-scale Derby sweep-

Charity covers a multitude of wins



stakes now being promoted in this country in the sacred name of charity.

Moreover, some of their promoters will publish after the secret draws only the numbers of the prize-winning tickets, giving no clue to the identity or whereabouts of the supposedly fortunate beneficiaries.

IN every case also none of the charities, although they all bear imposing names, is known to or recognised and approved by the Charity Organisation Society, the leading authority on social welfare work in Britain.

This fact is not surprising, because not a few of the charities for which the big sweepstakes are ostensibly being conducted have been brought into existence solely for the purpose of these doubtful lotteries. Thereby the promoters can claim at least that the sweepstakes are for noble and genuine causes!

The law is such that any person who chooses can found a so-called charity and obtain money for it from the public without being answerable

to any authority. So long as some portion of the money, however small, is devoted to the cause for which it is raised, no one has the power to interfere.

The Derby has also been made the occasion for the exploitation by the professional sweepstake promoter of established but small and struggling charities and benevolent societies.

In their despair to obtain money, these institutions and organisations have accepted sums of money ranging from £50 to £500 and allowed their names to be used for national sweepstakes, all the profits on which are taken by the promoters, who conduct the lotteries by any method which suits their fancy.

THE names of the governors and trustees of these really insignificant charities are flaunted imposingly upon the sweepstake literature and tickets, and appear to be a warranty of genuineness.

They are nothing of the kind. From the moment the charity sells its name, it has neither control of nor financial claim upon the buyer. He is usually a bookmaker who finds sweepstake promotion a better source of income than betting.

Money has been spent lavishly in launching these vast but very queer sweepstakes. Sumptuous offices are rented, hundreds of clerks engaged, and impressive stationery of the best quality is obtained. Tickets are printed in millions and appealing literature is produced by the ton.

Hundreds of thousands of packages are sent out by post and each contains an addressed envelope for the remittance of money. And then the ticket sellers are allowed a profit of six shillings upon every twenty shillings' worth of tickets sold.

The outlay upon each of these sweepstakes would, in fact, endow for a lifetime the small charity for which it is supposed to be held.

What is left for the prize-winners is a question that cannot be answered. It is so difficult to discover who they are.

Hundreds of letters have come by every post for a month to JOHN BULL from its readers asking us which of the Derby sweepstakes are really genuine.

Until the Director of Public Prosecutions cleans up these strange lotteries, our reply must continue to be—"Ask us another!"

Worst Peril of Countryside: Another Warning

THOUSANDS of people in this country will again be faced this summer with the peril of insufficient and tainted drinking water.

As JOHN BULL has pointed out for years to successive Ministers of Health, there are water supplies that are an ever-present menace to the village populations compelled to draw on them—primitive services that should have been swept away with the worst abominations of the Middle Ages.

Yet if there are no repetitions of the alarming typhoid outbreaks of last summer, one of which killed 24 people in the Yorkshire village of Malton, another taking toll of ten lives in the neighbouring village of Denby Dale, it will be due to luck, not to foresight.

Hard facts

Never has there been stronger justification of JOHN BULL's repeated warnings than is afforded by the astounding revelations made by Mr. T. Levy, M.P., in the Commons the other day.

One medical officer of health, he said, has been appealing for good drinking water for twenty years—in vain. A small town is carrying on with a supply condemned forty years ago.

In one village hundreds of people have nothing to drink during the dry season except out of the drains.

Constant plagues

In another village a mother and her new-born baby had to be washed with water fetched from six miles away by the doctor and a sanitary inspector. In yet another the children are rationed to half a cup of water for tea. A fourth has no alternative but to pump water that has percolated through a burial ground!

One village has "perpetual" outbreaks of typhoid and diphtheria.

Another M.P. told how proud everybody in Yorkshire was when Prince George drank a cup of tea in Malton, following the devastating epidemic.

Man to do it

Well, this state of affairs has got to stop, and we look to the Minister of Health to bestir himself about it.

It is all the more necessary since we seem to be on the eve of a revival of country life.

If the land is to be made fit for heroes to dwell on, the first thing to do is to see that the water they drink is pure and wholesome.

The favoured few

There is another storm brewing in the affairs of some of our local councils.

It is alleged that councillors secure well-paid official jobs for their relatives to the detriment of other workers, and that some council departments are in fact becoming "family affairs."

In one or two towns the storm has already burst.

In the family

At South Shields the council has decided by an overwhelming majority to reinstate a man whose place was filled by an alderman's son.

A motor mechanic in the tramways department was suspended last September for "economic reasons," and promised reinstatement directly circumstances permitted.

Yet, said a councillor, the tramways manager went direct to the house of Alderman Henderson, chairman of the tramways committee, and engaged his son.

Another official on the committee was said to have eight relatives working in the department.

Other complaints

At Bridgend, Glamorgan, a councillor has called unsuccessfully for a Ministry of Health enquiry, because, he complains, councillors' relatives are employed at more than the official wage.

We have received similar complaints from other towns.

There is no reason why relatives and friends of those in authority should be

Council Jobs—for the Family! Cruel Girl-Mother Sentence



Rationed!—for water.
And lucky if it isn't
tainted

barred, as such, from official employment. But they should not get the jobs just because they are relatives and friends.

Young mother's plight

You must have been shocked when you read that a girl of twenty-two had been sent to jail at Glasgow for six months for concealing the birth of a child.

The baby was born when she was in hospital, and she placed it secretly in a side-room and then went back to her bed in the ward, though later she admitted the birth.

Of course, it was a wrong thing to do. But the months of mental agony she had endured, and the fact that she had been eight weeks in prison before being tried, makes her sentence inexcusably harsh.

The nonsense nail

An hotel near Maidenhead Bridge stands in two counties. A nail driven into the counter marks the boundary between Berkshire and Buckinghamshire.

If you stand on the Berkshire side of the nail you cannot get a drink after 10 p.m. If you move an inch, and so get on the Buckinghamshire side, you can get one up to 10.30.

Was there ever such madness even in a padded cell?

There is just one use for that nail. It should be pulled from the counter and made the most famous of all last nails—in the coffin of petty officialdom.

Alarming

There is one very alarming thing that requires more attention from the police, even if it means sending constables out to track down ruffians instead of taking the numbers of motor-cars that are left ten minutes too long in the street.

The number of cases in which little girls have been brutally assaulted by men has risen from 236 in 1901 to 461 in 1931. That is to say, they have nearly doubled.

One half of the miscreants used to be caught thirty years ago. Now the number is only just over one-third!

Five-shilling wages!

A Leeds hall-porter pleaded guilty to stealing £10 from his employers. It was admitted in court that his actual wages were only 5s. a week, minus insurance, and he had to pay his wife £1 17s. a week under a maintenance order.

We are glad to see that his wife

brought £10 to court to allow him to make restitution.

We should be even more glad to see an end of the rotten system, as a magistrate called it, that pays a man starvation wages and makes him rely on the generosity of the public for "tips."

Storm in a teacup

The village dramatic society of Edale, Derbyshire, produced one of Bernard Shaw's plays. So the vicar and churchgoers want to put an end to the society!

Failing this, the vicar thinks he ought to act as dramatic censor.

We should like to introduce him to another vicar who is in the news.

Bigotry

This is the Rev. Lee Hamer, of Cardigan, who thinks that ministers undermine their spiritual influence by devoting most of their time to arranging whist-drives, competitions, and going from house to house to extract money from people who can ill afford it.

Perhaps. But what does Mr. Hamer say about those ministers who interfere with the quite innocent pleasures of their parishioners?

Hats off!

Let us pass a vote of thanks to Alderman Hamilton Hughes, of Mortlake, Surrey.

Nine men were charged before him with wandering. When they pleaded poverty and unemployment, the Alderman discharged them, wished them luck, and ordered a police inspector to give them a good meal in a restaurant at his expense.

Mortlake is lucky to have a magistrate who tempers justice with such mercy and benevolence.

Daily deeds

When an ammonia plant burst in a Glasgow works and the employees left hurriedly, two girls ran to the cloak-room and were quickly cut off from safety.

Unhesitatingly, several men workers dashed through the choking fumes and rescued them.

That was just one of those things that constantly happen in our industrial cities—and an example of courage quietly displayed.

Prompt and plucky

So, too, was the courage of an Edinburgh policeman, P.C. Whickham.

Jumping off a tram, he seized the bridle of a runaway horse drawing a

heavy load, was dragged yards, swerved the maddened path of a car and prevented dashing into a shop window could bring it to rest.

That feat, like the other, public recognition.

It can be done

Gainsborough, Lincs, has first slum clearance and houses complete with bath, light, hot water, gas fires and conveniences.

The rent for a three-bedroomed house, including rates, is 7s. 4d., including rates; bedroomed house, 8s. 10d.

A few—very few—other done the same thing. Dozens could, but won't. Why?

Let him go

There's actually one cur who thinks the slums are at. He is Professor Reilly, the Liverpool School of Architecture.

Not only does he like the slums, but he thinks them comfortable if the "comm" the slum were improved that means.

Knowing the slums of Liverpool, think the Professor would think if he were forced to live in self.

Baffling

Last October the man, Ferrybridge, in Yorkshire, man to hand over his deaf and dumb institution has been summoned for non-compliance with the order.

Well, his little girl is making progress at an elementary school anyway, there isn't room for institution referred to!

So the summons was withdrawn.

Why, in the circumstances, ever issued beats us.

The injured must wait

Though over 40,000 casualties in London are dealt with by the ambulance service, the Public Committee of the London County Council is proposing to cut down of ambulance men and reduce of those who are left.

We hate accidents, but we must have some.

Let the members of the Committee of the L.C.C. consider.

Into the open

Miss Helen Wills, still box-office draw in tennis, £200 to play at Wimbledon that otherwise she could come from America to defend.

The British tennis authorities be congratulated for their honesty in admitting this position.

Tennis finance has been dark for too long, and a few suggestions would do much to dispel unpleasant suggestions.

Bread disease

We are glad to know that the Joint Industrial Council for the Milling Industry has taken action following the publication of a recent article by Mr. J. M.P., in JOHN BULL.

Mr. Banfield disclosed able facts about the disease of dermatitis which afflicts millers.

The whole public will be hoping that the council will take measures to end this lamentable disease.

Mr. F. T. Lloyd

We have been asked to see E. Ponting, whose activities and estate agent under Lloyds we recently criticized connection whatever with established firm of Lloyds, and Auctioneers, of East London, is conducted by Mr. F. T. Lloyd, who will willingly do so.

LORD TRENCHARD'S

Real Job

LORD TRENCHARD'S report still keeps the Police Force in the news. The Press makes merry with pictures of manicured constables and "he-hah" inspectors. Though it is difficult to see why the size of a policeman's feet should be regarded as a reliable index to the contents of his head, Lord Trenchard has succeeded in presenting his case for a better-educated officership in a way that has made the public thoroughly uneasy.

The public has good reason to fear that a caste-officer force might too easily become a weapon of Fascism in this country.

But the tragedy of the Trenchard report lies deeper . . . in what it omits rather than what it says.

Those who know the London that exists beneath its surface life of business and gaiety—and my information comes from very reliable sources—know also that the corruption and bribery revealed to the startled public by the Goddard case still exist. A few perfunctory reforms have been made, but the root of the trouble has not been touched.

Does Lord Trenchard propose to do anything about that, or is he solely interested in fighting the Policemen's Federation?

Bribery and corruption among the police are strong words to use. The meaning varies from the five shillings we offer the "bobby" who tactfully turns a blind eye to a car tail-light that has gone out—an offer almost invariably refused—to a highly organised system of corruption, far over the head of the ordinary policeman, difficult to trace, but devastating in its results.

Let me say with all the emphasis I can that the British police are the cleanest from corruption of any in the world. I have investigated police conditions under expert guidance in America and India, in France and Germany. The British force is unchallengeably the best.

But that is said so often and meant so sincerely that the public thinks it means that the force is perfect. No force is that.

Unfortunately the law concerning certain crimes is so old and unsatisfactory, as I found when I was in the House of Commons, that certain forms of vice with their invariable attendants, blackmail and corruption, are almost uncheckable.

Blackmail

I FIRST became aware of this when a great friend of mine told me he was "on the rocks." I knew that he had inherited a fairly large fortune from his mother, that he drank hardly anything beyond the bare requirements of social life, that he was uninterested in cards and racing, and quite indifferent to women except as good friends.

Where, then, was his considerable income going?

Finally he told me the truth. He was being blackmailed to the extent of nine-tenths of his income. "Then why did you not go to Scotland Yard?" I asked in dismay, annoyed that he should have suffered so long.

He explained that this was impossible. He had committed the one "crime" in which apparently the police are loth to intervene. The harpies trade on this, and they know when and whom to bribe to keep this appalling state of affairs in being for their profit.

This "crime" should not be in the hands of the police at all. It is a disease that should be treated by skilled doctors.

The queer thing is that this form of sex-perversion when it exists between women is not regarded as a crime. It can be, and unfortunately is, flaunted openly in certain London circles. If a husband is involved he cannot even make it a cause for divorce.

But this relationship between two men, though the war and prison camps have made this generation more susceptible to it than any



by

Ellen WILKINSON

recently, means a sharp sentence for the first offence, and a long term of imprisonment for the second.

The result is that public schoolboys just coming to Town, young men known to have money, are blackmailed mercilessly, often after they have been tricked into compromising themselves. The blackmailers know that the police attitude is the most effective weapon to hold over their victims.

Another case that was brought to my notice when I was an M.P., in the hope that I could help, was that of a brilliant foreign journalist in London.

In a "burglary" he lost some letters among other property. The police restored the property, and kept the letters. He was ordered to leave the country at once. His career was blasted without any appeal.

I do not suggest any bribery here. The police were acting under a law that gave them these powers. But this man had refused to pay blackmail, simply because he did not believe the blackmailer's story of police severity to his special form of friendship with a man he had known for years.

Tragic case

So he was taught his lesson . . . and it has not been lost on other victims, who are thus discouraged from seeking the protection of the anti-blackmail law we passed in Parliament to prevent these secret blackmailing scandals.

More tragic still was the case of a young man at the beginning of what seemed a great career, who ended his life to escape from the double horror of blackmail and corruption in which he had become entangled. He ought to have been

able to go freely to the police and give them the evidence of blackmail.

These facts, and many more like them, are well known to the police. Why, then, is nothing done. Nothing is, despite the trail of broken lives and of men once in high positions compelled to live abroad, their careers ended . . . and for an abnormality that psychologists are weary of saying cannot be cured by punishment, but needs a skilled doctor.

I said nothing is done—but occasionally a spectacular trial, not of the blackmailers, but of the victims, like the one held in London recently with every kind of horrible publicity, hammers home to the victim that whatever the blackmailer's demands the victim has nothing to hope for from the police.

We want to know why. Lord Trenchard ought to want to know why. I ask him what he proposes to do about conditions like these.

I have given only one set of examples because these were specially brought to me, partly in my capacity as a Member of Parliament, and since then as a social worker. There is not one word in Lord Trenchard's report about these hidden things of which the public is vaguely uneasy, because it can never know the truth.

A crucial question

LORD TRENCHARD is rightly concerned that the citizen's watch or purse should not be stolen. I would gladly sacrifice both of mine if I thought that the police were successfully coping with greater horrors. But are they? I ask Lord Trenchard if he is satisfied that some of his own men, I admit only a small number, are not well in with the people responsible?

There are certain reforms suggested by Lord Trenchard for which he should receive more support than he is likely to get. But his essentially military type of mind has involved him in a strenuous fight not with the worst, but with the best, type of the men who serve under him.

Whether it be in a school, a football team, or a police force, reform of secret abuses can only come from within. Imposed discipline can never take the place of a tradition of honour. This tradition the police have tried to build for themselves.

First, there was the Police and Prison Officers' Union. That was smashed by Authority.

The Police Federation which was put in its place was intended to be a sham, a "company union." Because the best and most active elements in the police got hold of it, and made it a real and living power in the lives of the men, it has again to be crushed, and the men left defenceless before Authority.

I ask Lord Trenchard, before it is too late—Is that the best way to get scandals ventilated?

Only if the men have a feeling that their own organisation is able to protect them against intimidation can they protect the public by bringing irregularities among their superiors to the notice of the higher authorities.

In fact, this should not be the job of the individual. He should be able to take his story to his Federation and let it deal with it and with the Police Commissioner.

But while Lord Trenchard fights the Federation this will be impossible . . . and those elements who have most to fear from the good traditions the men's Federation has tried to build will be the most enthusiastic supporters of the Commissioner in his endeavours to introduce a military discipline which does not know that such things as "unions" exist.

At The COURT



Judge Bingham, "courteous, suave, proud of his English descent, and a firm friend of Britain"

Presenting Their Excellencies the New and Old AMBASSADORS—

WITHIN the next few days two new Ambassadors—M. Corbin, France, and Judge Bingham, America—take over their important duties at the Court of St. James'.

Here are intimate pictures of them, and of their distinguished colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps—their Excellencies as they really are when not wearing the formal mask of Diplomacy. . . .

M. Corbin FRANCE

FRANCE'S new Ambassador, M. Corbin, is still a bachelor at fifty-two—blue-eyed, grey-haired, extremely slender of build, with an air of delicacy which at first makes it seem incredible that he has always worked hard.

Perhaps he has been able to do so because he varies hard work with a love for games. Lately he has forsaken the tennis lawn for the golf links, and golf will be his chief recreation in London.

It was as Directeur Politique at the Foreign Office in Paris that he first

made British friends, and there will be plenty of friendships for him to renew now he has come to London.

At first we may think him shy. He is not a talkative man. He will listen, though, most attentively to all one has to say. His low, deep voice is one of his greatest charms.

That there will be more entertaining at the French Embassy is a safe forecast, for M. Corbin enjoys being host. Equally he likes being entertained. He also likes cigarettes—in moderation.

The surroundings at Albert Gate will please him, for despite an up-to-date outlook on affairs he prefers to be surrounded by old French furniture, polished and mellowed with age. Unobtrusive like his own personality!

He speaks fluent English, and is a careful reader in several languages.

Strange that a man, proud of his pure French blood, should be in his quiet demeanour so unlike the popular idea of a Frenchman! But is the volatile Frenchman any more typical than the mean Scotsman?

Judge Bingham AMERICA

WHEN Judge Robert Worth Bingham takes charge of American affairs here at the white house overlooking Kensington Gardens there will be one unique feature about him. He will be the only Ambassador in London who is a newspaper proprietor.

For although he will relinquish his directorships he will retain his news-

paper interests as owner of two important papers in the Southern States.

He has frequently spoken for the English Speaking Union, is a firm friend of Great Britain, and is proud of his descent from an old Dorsetshire family, the Bingham, of Melcombe Bingham, who have been there for eight hundred years. His father served on the Staff of the Confederate Army during the American Civil War.

Judge Bingham first visited England nearly forty years ago. During later years he has rented grouse moors in Scotland, and, incidentally, his son, who lives in London, married a Scotswoman.

Tall, well built, with expressive grey-brown eyes, he has the courteous and suave manner of the Southerner. He speaks with an attractive musical drawl, the kind of voice that would have made him a fortune on the "talkies" had Fate made him a film actor.

He enjoys reading biographies and history, is an excellent host, an eloquent speaker—perhaps because of his training as a barrister. In earlier days he spoke French and German with considerable fluency, but he has rather neglected his linguistic capabilities lately. He has a charming wife, who takes a great interest in her home and home decoration.

Baron Von Hoesch GERMANY

BARON VON HOESCH, German Ambassador to the Court of St. James', is a bachelor of fifty-two, the most handsome man, some say, in London diplomatic circles.

There has been little time or thought for recreation in his crowded career. Not only does he work all day, but if he is not attending some function in the evening, he is at his desk until half-past eleven at night.

Years ago he was a keen sportsman, and missed no opportunity for riding or fishing. Many recall how frequently he rode to hounds when he was a Secretary at the Embassy in London in those far-off days before the war.

Ever since then he has had friends in England. He is a staunch friend. A little dignified at first perhaps, but a man who can trust—and in turn be trusted. His faultless English and his unobtrusive dress might lead a stranger to think at first he was meeting an Englishman.

He makes a point of keeping in touch with all modern literature, and daily contrives to read a number of papers and periodicals.

An early riser and a dog-lover, he will often take a short morning walk with

his two four-footed companions, one a Sealyham.

He was much concerned when, upon leaving his post as Ambassador in France, they were condemned to a long period of quarantine, and, despite the calls upon his time, he paid them frequent visits.

Music is his chief hobby, and he numbers among his friends eminent musicians like Bruno Walthers, Richard Strauss and Herr Furtwangler, who, on the occasion of his recent visit to England, was a guest at the Embassy. No German artist visiting this country will fail to find a sympathetic patron in the Ambassador.

Signor Grandi ITALY

THE youngest of the Ambassadors is Signor Grandi. He is only thirty-eight, and until he came to London was regarded as Mussolini's right-hand man.

He was born at Mordana, near Imola, in the shadow of the mountains, and so climbing was once his favourite recreation. At one time he was a law student, and then in 1914 he agitated for Italy to join the Allies, and, when they did so, joined a crack Alpine regiment. What a dashing and spectacular horseman he was, too. In that respect he shares with Mussolini an entire lack of fear.

Signor Grandi enjoys the outlook from the Embassy on to the green of Grosvenor Square during pauses in his early morning work, for he always rises at 6.30 a.m.

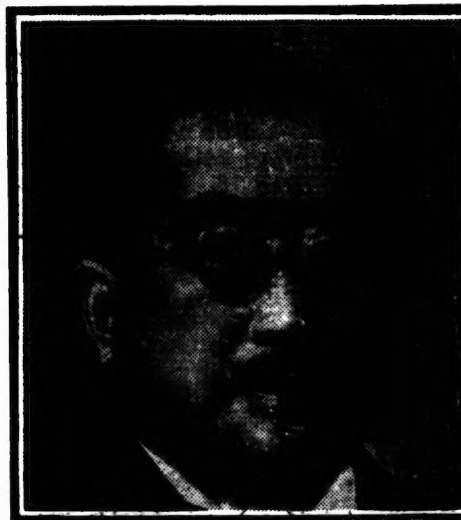
He has a habit of stroking his neatly-trimmed beard when deep in thought, and speaks English in a deep voice with little accent. His dark eyes sparkle with Latin vivacity. He is a teetotaler and non-smoker now, but confesses that one day he may return to his pipe. Simple meals of fruit and salad suffice for him during the day, but he likes our English dinners.

Signor Grandi is extremely fond of children. His own boy and girl, aged seven and five, get a large share of his attention.

Already they are learning English and German, and he has personally taught them to ride, swim, and be-fearless. They share his love of horses and dogs—big dogs.

A keen student of history, economics and politics, he reads a large number of newspapers and periodicals daily—English, French, German and Italian—for he must know what other countries are doing and thinking.

He loves the beautiful in art and

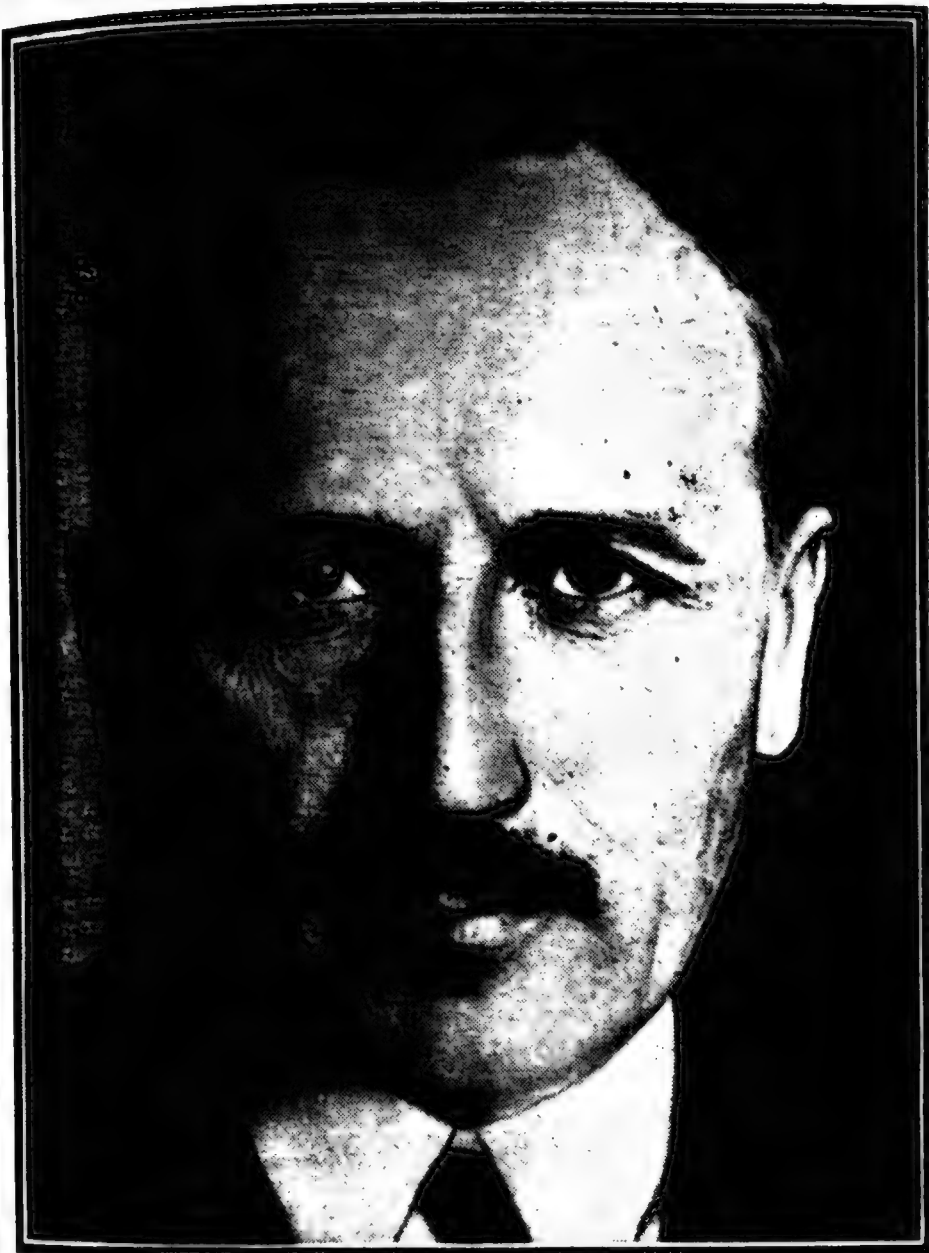


Mr. Matsudaira . . . "A lover of the English countryside"



Baron Von Hoesch . . . "You'd think at first you were meeting an Englishman"

of St. JAMES' . . .



M. Corbin . . . "still a bachelor at fifty-two"

life, and likes to have lots of flowers, particularly roses, around him.

Mr. Maisky RUSSIA

AN Ambassador with unusual recreations, for an Ambassador, is Mr. Maisky, of the U.S.S.R., for he enjoys croquet, rowing, hiking with a knapsack, and tennis.

He is forty-nine, a doctor's son, and was once a journalist.

His rather stern expression prevents

you from being surprised when you learn he has been a revolutionary since he was seventeen. In that expression is the memory that in the days of the Tsars he served three years' imprisonment, was exiled for five years in Siberia, from which he escaped in 1908.

In 1912 he arrived in England as a third-class passenger, who, according to rule, should have had £5 on him to show that he had some means of existence, but he had only a little over £3.

But those were easier times, and our Customs officers, on the strength of a certificate which he had from the Foreign Section of the Russian Social

Democratic Party testifying that he was a political emigrant persecuted by Tsardom, permitted him to land.

Exactly twenty years later Mr. Maisky arrived again in England, but this time as an Ambassador.

His favourite authors are Tolstol, Byron and Heine. In his leisure time he likes to read and enjoy something which is not connected with his work, or take a walk.

Food he regards merely as a necessity, drinks little wine and never smokes. He likes the piano—and Beethoven.

He is happily married—to a wife who shares his views.

Mr. Matsudaira JAPAN

GOLF must be a diplomatic game, for here is another exponent, this time from the Far East—Mr. Matsudaira, Ambassador from Japan. Shooting is another of his recreations, and his older friends will tell you what a brilliant fencer he was as a youth.

Mr. Matsudaira belongs peculiarly to London, for in 1903 he began his diplomatic career in our capital. He was, in fact, married here, and the year before last there were gay festivities in Grosvenor Square to celebrate his silver wedding.

One of his two pretty almond-eyed, cherry-blossom-skinned daughters recently married a Japanese prince.

The Ambassador's wife and two young sons share his deep love for English ways and the English countryside; nevertheless, the customs of their country are closely observed at the Embassy.

Mr. Skirmunt POLAND

MR. SKIRMUNT has been with us since 1922, when Poland had only a Legation here and not, as now, an Embassy. He has learnt to speak English only since he came to this country.

A silvery-haired, dark-eyed bachelor, he has the most gentle and kindly manner. So it is not surprising to find that his greatest interests are those which will further World Peace.

He feels a little sad sometimes that English people are apt to look upon

Poland as such a far-away country. when, as a matter of fact, it is not so far distant as many parts of Austria or Germany.

An early riser, he is the first at the Embassy office in the morning, however punctual the members of his staff may be.

Though he lives alone, after his busy day is finished he goes out little except to fulfil some social duty. He likes to be alone and reads a great deal of Polish and Lithuanian literature.

A great lover as well as a patron of music, his parties have become a feature of London musical life, and such celebrities as Paderewski and Rubinstein are among his oldest friends. Young Polish musicians and artists in this country can always depend upon him to get them introduced to our public.

Probably it is his desire to preserve the homely Polish atmosphere at the Embassy which makes him keep up the old customs of his country. He always assembles his staff on Christmas Eve, when all the old Polish ceremonies are faithfully observed.

The honours of extending hospitality at the Embassy are shared by Mac, a Scotch terrier, who greets and sees off all visitors. At receptions and parties he stands beside his master "to receive the guests."

Don R. de Ayala SPAIN

DON RAMON PEREZ DE AYALA is the only author Ambassador in London. Quite recently he completed another novel, which has already been translated into English, "Tiger Juan."

Unlike many writers, he does not set aside a certain time daily for his literary work, but writes rapidly when inspired.

An expert on art, he is a Director of the Prado Museum, Madrid. A music-lover, he plays the piano and violin with almost professional skill.

By the way, his wife, Donna Mabel de Ayala, is by birth an American, but in seventeen years has become deeply attached to the land of her adoption and speaks Spanish fluently.

Despite his Socialist sympathies, he has, when you first meet him, the rather austere manner of the older type of Spanish gentleman. Closer acquaintance, however, betrays the man of extremely broad views, as well as a champion of the woman's cause. In fact, he is intensely proud of the part which is to-day being played by the women of his country.

We wish to point out that the picture of the famous racing pigeon "1828," which appeared in our issue of May 6, was reproduced by the courtesy of the Racing Pigeon Publishing Co., Ltd.



Don Ramon de Ayala . . . "a man of broad views, a champion of the woman's cause"



Signor Grandi . . . "the youngest of the Ambassadors"

The Human Machine

Pitch Right In

"TO be incurious in a world crammed full of interest," said a writer the other day, "is the worst of all intellectual crimes in the world." It is a profound truth, because civilisation itself is built on the fact that curiosity, properly directed, is the chief mainspring of progress.

The only difference between the child who wants to "see the wheels go round" and the scientist who wants to watch a microbe through a microscope is that the one is instructive and the other is deliberate and ordered. Both are pioneers into the borderland of the unknown.

The man who isn't curious and inquisitive isn't alive; he's a body carrying a dead mind around with him. It's only because men have asked "why" and "how" and "where" that the modern world has come into being.

Columbus, Darwin, Marconi, Scott, Amy Mollison and Baird—names that come at random out of thousands—are the type of people who have never been satisfied with what either they or someone else may happen to know. They want to know more; and no difficulties are great enough to deter them from trying to find out.

We can't all discover new worlds, probe the inner secrets of Nature, invent miracles, or do something startling and sensational—but we can keep our eyes open. We can try. We can explore. We can adventure.

We can refuse to sit down and give a lifelike imitation of a sponge, content to suck in whatever mental liquid happens to come our way. We can at least ask the world to explain itself, and give us the reasons for its existence and behaviour.

We can at least think and wonder and question—and if we can only discover a new and better way to do an old thing, a new and better way to express a familiar idea, we shall have earned the right to exist.

The sum of human knowledge is far from complete. Try and add to it.

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to DR. ROSENBERG

.. And NOW
You KNOW!

DEAR DR. ROSENBERG,—It was wise of you to come to England. You have not achieved the purpose of your visit, which was to establish better relations between our democracy and your tyranny. But at least you have had an opportunity of knowing exactly what Britain thinks of you.

Lady Oxford told you, with a flame of her old Liberalism burning in her words. Sir John Simon, icily polite, explained a few things. Had you stopped in Germany, where all the world's opinion, except Hitler's, is suppressed, you might have known nothing.

Now you have learned what, alas, is true, that the German Government of to-day is almost as unpopular outside its boundaries as was the one, possessed with the same ideas of dominance, which plunged your country into the abyss of despair and destitution.

The chief crime of your Hitler Government is that, at a time when the nations of the world, however blunderingly, were trying to get together with the ultimate idea of repairing the injustices of Versailles, you and your kind made this almost impossible—by turning the world's opinion against Germany.

You see, the crimes of Hitlerism are so numerous that no one will ever trust it.

What can one say of a system which has treated with brutality many of the best intellects and finest idealists within its frontiers, and placed among the bosses Capt. Roehm, a self-confessed pervert, Dr. Goebbels, a drug addict who attacked his keeper with an iron bar, and Dr. Rust, who, although now the man who has to vet the Nordic righteousness of all the teachers of Prussia, is a man who, not long ago, resigned his position as a teacher be-

cause, as he himself said, he was suffering from a mental disorder?

I will not go through the list of crimes which you came here to explain away. The worst of them cannot be recorded in any words which the public are meant to read.

I saw, though, the other day, a photograph of a social worker who, because her political views were not of your kind, had been stripped and flogged until her back was covered with bruises.

Then there is the case of Philip Scheidemann, who, at the end of the war, declared Germany a republic. He tried, for years, for the benefit of his people, to re-establish friendly relations with the rest of the world. He championed the cause of millions.

And so, for years, you Nazis—you were not one at the start, because you are a Latvian, and not a German—circulated stories that he had grown rich on the pennies of the working men, and that he had secret fortunes in foreign banks, and villas on the Riviera.

When the other day, because of illness caused by such as you, he applied for a sick pension, your brother Nazis screamed with laughter, mocking a man who had tried to save his country!

When they heard of this, Scheidemann's daughter and her husband both committed suicide.

This is only one instance. Murders by the thousand lie at the door of the Nazis you came here to excuse.

While you were in London, they



burned 20,000 books in one night in Berlin. How proud you must be of that! You seem to have gone into the history of all the tyrants and all the bosses, and copied all the worse things each one of them did.

Nero, they said, burned Rome. So Hitler, millions believe, burned the Reichstag. Savonarola, a preaching

zealot, burned all the books he did not like. So Hitler had to copy that. He read, I am sure, all the stories of how the Catholics used to persecute the Protestants, and how the Protestants used to ill-treat the Catholics. He took from the records of every country and every age its most shameful page and said, "I am a Nordic. I must do all that!"

Well, Dr. Rosenberg, I am a Nordic, too. Whether it is something to be proud of or not, I have never reflected. I have always thought that it did not matter much what race you belonged to if, now and then, you did your little bit to aid the cause of suffering humanity, and to put unequal things a little more right.

In one German town, I see, they have been measuring the faces of people to see if they are Aryans or not. Well, I am an Aryan. There is a standard size for noses now where you belong.

I must be careful, for I see that in a weekly journal, the other day, sketches were used to prove that Shaw and Gladstone grew bigger noses than usual.

I am glad I can pass the nose test sufficiently to be included, if only as a joke, with the greatest Liberal of his century and the greatest bunk-banger of our time.

Now, what is it that you really want? "We Saxons are disappearing in the Jews," you told a London reporter—"our flaxen hair, blue eyes, everything." It is hard to think that pretty boys like you are such cry-babies. Still, as the interviewer referred to "your friendly, caressing blue eyes and magnetic voice"—what bunk!

"Flaxen hair, blue eyes, everything" belong to the beauty chorus, not to methods of government.

Do you really want your country peopled only by a lot of chorus boys?

In the name of every lover of freedom, if there are any left—I add the last few words because people seem very passive, nowadays—I object to everything that you Nazis have done. But most of all I object to its cry-baby attitude in regard to criticism. What the criticism is, its serfs are not allowed to read. But it keeps on protesting, and bleating, and moaning—yes, "flaxen hair, blue eyes, everything."

Well, I am of Saxon origin. It makes me sick.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. JUSTICE MACKINNON,
Beaconsfield, Bucks

MY LORD,—You confess yourself baffled by our muddle-headed M.P.s. So am I.

Referring to one recent Act, you say you have debated it with leaders of the Bar and have come to the conclusion that it would be very difficult to find a single M.P. who has the faintest idea of what it means.

I imagine that applies to most of our laws. Our legislators really ought to be sent to school to learn English.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. A. NIXON,
Manchester

DEAR SIR,—No doubt you offended many people when, at the Scarborough Rotary Conference, you suggested a Means Test for married women in work.

But I agree. In normal times there is no earthly reason why a woman shouldn't continue to go out to business after marriage; in these days of great unemployment a woman who does so without absolute necessity is just selfish.

Let "Breadwinners first" be our motto!

JOHN BULL.

Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—You have prevented thousands of men from finding work and destroyed a very necessary plan to relieve traffic congestion by refusing to pass the Dartford-Purfleet tunnel scheme. Yet a few months ago the Government promised that it would no longer impede valuable public works!

Besides, most of the cost of the Dart-

ford tunnel, which was authorised in 1930, would have been met from the Road Fund, to which the motoring industry and private motorists subscribe. Isn't it time they had a fair deal?

JOHN BULL.

Rev. HUMPHREY EVANS,
Barry, South Wales

REVEREND SIR,—You are surprised that Christian people take wine at weddings. I see nothing to be surprised at, for they are only following the example set by the Founder of Christianity when He performed His first miracle at a wedding feast.

Why not try teaching true temperance instead of intolerance? That is also true Christianity.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MARGARET JACKSON,
Middlesbrough

DEAR HEROINE,—Throwing yourself in front of a motor-car to save the life of a child, you sustained injuries which brought you to the threshold of death.

But you could not recover damages, though you were destitute, because your action was premeditated.

I am glad to see that your bravery has now been recognised by the Carnegie Trust and your townspeople, for it has well been described as an example to the womanhood of the country.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—You are, I know, beset at the moment with the anxieties of the higher political sphere.

Do find time, however, to read and

personally investigate every statement made in the narrative entitled "The Boy Who Lost His Name" on page 15 of this issue.

It depicts a bitter tragedy of two humble people caused by your Department—obviously without knowledge of the poignant truth.

By the performance of the needed act of humane justice you will earn the gratitude of the multitude of my readers.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE BULLOCK,
Longton, Staffs

DEAR GEORGE,—Two girls who threw their arms round your neck have reason to be proud of you.

Seeing them sunk to their waists in a swamp that has swallowed up cows and cattle, you risked your life to get near them and then, telling them to hug you by the neck, pulled them out.

That was the finest hug any man could have.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor C. E. MOORE,
Walsall Town Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Allotment-holders in Walsall have been notified that their plots will soon be used as refuse-dumps.

You say this will make at least a hundred near-by houses unfit for habitation, and wonder how the Ministry of Health can permit such a thing. Evidently you don't know the little ways of the Ministry.

I should like to see the councillors

who evolved the scheme forced to live in the houses.

JOHN BULL.

JOSEPH GRANEY, Liverpool: Still too lazy to get up and draw the "dole" for wife and family, you have gone to jail again—for three months' hard labour. I hope it is really hard.—JOHN BULL.

Bombardier BILLY WELLS,
London, W.

DEAR BILLY,—You have fought many fine fights in your life, but never a better one than when you took action to clear the name of your son, who had been wrongly suspected of a school theft.

Everyone will be glad that his innocence was completely established and all record of the affair struck out. Good luck to you both!

JOHN BULL.

Miss GRACE DE LACY,
Norwich

DEAR MADAM,—When you sued a policeman for alleged breach of promise, the judge declared he had never heard of a more frantic endeavour of the kind to make money.

For in your claim you put down goods that had cost so little as sixpence and which had been bought months before the date when you said the proposal of marriage was made.

The judge added that he would be surprised if the jury thought it an honest claim. The jury found against you, and that will surprise no one but yourself.

JOHN BULL.

The ENTICED WIFE

by A. G.
GARDINER

THREE cases down for hearing in the King's Bench this term have aroused a good deal of comment, not only because of their novelty, but because of their bearing upon the relation of men and women in the modern world. They are cases of so-called "enticement."

In two of them the husbands are suing on the ground that their wives have been enticed from them by other men.

In the third the wife is taking action. She is suing for damages for the alienation of the affections of her husband, who, indifferent to the warning of Mr. Weller to Samivel to "beware of the vidders," has, it is alleged, succumbed to the charms of a widow lady.

A record

This, it is stated, is the first time there have been three cases of enticement in one term, and only the second term in our legal records when a wife has sued in respect of her husband.

Indeed, so unusual is this form of action, that until the recent "Helen of Troy" case, it is probable that hardly anyone outside the legal profession knew that there was such an offence as the enticement of a wife or a husband.

You might be legally culpable for enticing a dog from its owner by a judicious whiff of liver or aniseed; but wives and husbands were not property in this sense. They were not "enticed" from their owner. If they went, they went of their free will, and the remedy open to the aggrieved was the dissolution of the marriage in the divorce court.

But the prominence given to the "Helen of Troy" case seems to have started a new vogue, and the action for "enticement" has probably come to stay.

Last hope

It meets a certain type of case to which the divorce process does not apply. A wife or husband who has been superseded by a rival may not wish to proceed to the extremity of divorce. He (or she) may still preserve an affection which shudders at a final severance and may cultivate a hope that an action for enticement may get rid of the interloper and restore the former relations.

What is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander, and if the wife can bring an action for enticement the husband must be equally privileged.

The law on the subject would seem to be vague, for in the "Helen of Troy"

case two entirely opposed jury verdicts were given.

It was the case in which the late Mr. Justice McCardie, whose obiter dicta on sex relations were so familiar, achieved such prominence by his assertion of the right of women to have the largest possible latitude in the cultivation of friendship with the other sex. The jury, under his lead, dismissed the action of a grocer's assistant of Cambridge, whose wife's affections had been alienated by a local doctor.

On appeal a new trial was ordered, and a very severe rebuke was administered by Lord Justice Scrutton.

But the point of interest is that on the retrial by Mr. Justice Roche the verdict was reversed by the jury, and Mr. Place, the grocer's assistant, was awarded £500 damages against Dr. Searle, who promptly removed to some distant part of the earth with the grocer's assistant's wife.

In this case the "enticement" expedient did not succeed in restoring the wife's affections to the husband, which was presumably the object of the action. He got nothing more than he could have got through the medium of divorce, and he was left with the alternative of remaining legally tied to a woman who had deserted him.

It cannot, therefore, be the success of Mr. Place which is the incentive to the crop of actions for "enticement." It is more probably an incident of the change in the relations of the sexes in the modern world.

The emancipation of women, which is perhaps the most tremendous event of this generation, has had no more far-reaching result than the mingling of the sexes in public and social relations in which at the beginning of the century they were rigorously separate. There is a freedom of intercourse, a

freedom of speech, a camaraderie that would have been inconceivable to the Victorian world.

This applies not only to the single woman, but equally to the married woman. Just as the Turkish woman has discarded the veil that was the symbol of the exclusive property of the male—the symbol, in fact, of ownership—so the English, and still more the American, wife is tending to adopt a freer and more independent way of life than that of her mother—still more her grandmother. She has her club, if she is well-to-do, and her own circle of friends, and among them men friends.

Fatal friendship

It was this right to the cultivation of men friends that Mr. Justice McCardie defended, and which was at the root of his advice to the jury in the "Helen of Troy" case.

But obviously that liberty can only be exercised within limits if marriage is not to become a sort of loose promiscuity.

It is plain, of course, that secret friendships with the other sex, either

on the part of the husband or the wife, are fatal to the marriage relationship. It is equally plain that the friends of the other sex must not be distasteful to the husband or wife, as the case may be.

There's a limit!

In the Cambridge case this condition was certainly transgressed, and, considering the position of the people concerned, there could be no question of the reality of the "enticement." This was the ground, and the just ground, on which the McCardie verdict was upset.

I cannot conceive that that interpretation of the law will ever be upset. The new liberty of women, like the old liberty of men, must be exercised within limits which will not compromise and destroy the great institution on which every civilised society worth preserving has been founded.

The freedom of women is a great and enduring achievement, but the sanctity of marriage is an even greater thing, and the sex that would suffer most from the cheapening of marriage is the one which is the corner-stone of the institution of the home.

The "enticement triangle" which seems to have started a new vogue in matrimonial law cases. The classic example was that of Dr. Searle (top) and Mr. and Mrs. Place as shown in this composite picture



Not from the B.B.C.—F. J. Perry discourses on

The Trials of Tennis

THOUGH tennis I have played for years (They've made me Britain's No. 1).

My education, it appears, Has only recently begun; From now on, I Must really try To learn the Things That Are Not Done!

All players prone to jest or jape Are offered these important tips: If balls you bang into the tape Let not a groan escape your lips; And ne'er must you, Whate'er you do, Regale a linesman with your quips.

Don't smile, or umpires then may think You're sneering at them; never let Your eyelids tremble in a wink, Or you will very likely get It in the neck For having recklessly outraged "court" etiquette!

This warning seems necessary in view of my Bournemouth experience, when, after my match with Lee, the umpire reported me for behaviour "not in accordance with the best traditions of tennis etiquette."

Needless to say, I was astounded, for

I had not questioned a single decision, although I remember having made remarks throughout the match. This, however, is a habit of mine, as I have never been able to bring to a game of tennis the solemnity appropriate to a burial service.

Once I said to one of the linesmen, all of whom I know: "Lee would not hurt himself if he fell off a house to-day," and on another occasion I remarked: "Every time I hit the ball it goes into the bally tape."

If that obscene epithet "bally" caused the linesman a rush of blood to the head I didn't notice any symptoms of it. But, apparently, even this was not my worst offence against etiquette.

According to the umpire, once when he called a fault I "groaned audibly." Later he admitted: "Perry may have been groaning over his bad luck, but it suggested he disagreed with my decision."

This incident (which has now been amicably settled) shows how easy it is for a tennis player, quite unknowingly, to commit contempt of court, which I suppose is what an audible groan amounts to.

If players wish to be considered pukka sahiba they must behave like pukka

robots and let their groans be of the inward variety, otherwise they will offend against the glorious traditions of pat-bally as handed down to us from the crinoline era.

The great traditions of the game

Let nobody forget—

Traditions sanctified of old

When Algernon and Marigold,

Kate and the curate met

In many a struggle, fierce and hot,

Upon the vicar's grassy plot.

Had Algernon used "bally" or

Some other vulgar word,

The vicar would have stopped the game!

And think of cousin Kate's deep shame

If she perchance had heard

The curate groan—an extra-bad

Attack of vapours she'd have had!

Though Marigold's granddaughters when

They play the game to-day

Are known to murmur "Blow" and

"Dash,"

To do so is extremely rash,

Since such behaviour may

Reduce an umpire to a state

Recalling poor, dear cousin Kate!

A Queer Tragedy

IT is disturbing that so many lunatic asylum patients bearing evidence of violence have died lately without explanation of their injuries being forthcoming.

Another tragedy of the kind has occurred in the case of John Daniel, of the Devon Asylum at Exminster.

Daniel, a frail man of sixty, weighing 7 st. and just 5 ft. in height, was described at the inquest upon him as only "half a man." Yet none of the witnesses called could explain how after his death a few days subsequent to his detention it was found that he had extensive bruising of the chest and eight fractured ribs.

The medical testimony was that the fractures could not have been caused by a single blow.

"Death from natural causes" was the verdict.

The Minister of Health himself should carry the enquiry further.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS warns you against a—



Hauling timber in a successful New Zealand lumber business. Alas! the promoters' dreams mentioned here of a similar success have not proved very practical

MAD GAMBLE in Millions

of the timber planted in estates owned by various companies will not reach maturity until 1955.

Many more acres of timber planted will not be ready for the sawmills until 1970, at the earliest.

This information, while very cold comfort to the many who have risked their savings in these seemingly gilt-edged investments, must be very consoling to the promoters into whose hands large capital sums have passed.

There are several aspects to some of these Colonial companies which occasion me uneasiness.

One is that certain brokers and owners of land in New Zealand are directors of one company, and figure prominently as accountants, promoters and directors of rival concerns.

Another is the manner in which the capital has been raised upon assets sold at greatly enhanced prices to new companies promoted by the directors of existing corporations.

Forfeit

In many cases shares have been forfeited because of the failure of the holders to provide the balance due, and huge profits have been made by this means at the expense of the holders of the £25 bonds.

In one of these forestry companies alone, which has a share capital of £250,000, the shares forfeited in a single year numbered 99,000.

This definitely shows that share and bond holders have wielded little or no influence in companies in which their money is invested.

I have obtained details of some of the

companies operating, and these throw a searching light on the whole subject.

In one company the paid-up capital is £190,000, while the subscribed amount is £240,000. In the same concern the bondholders have vested £3,500,000. Whether or not they will live to see a return on their interests is extremely doubtful. In any case, the brokers and their touts must have made a good thing out of it.

In another company in which bondholders have invested £300,000, the subscribed capital is a mere £50,000. In a third the subscribed capital is but £2,500, and the number of bonds available at £25 a time is unlimited.

In nearly all cases, the vast sums involved in these promotions have been secured from the sale of bonds, with small outlay on the part of the directors.

The question of profits will remain speculative for some considerable time to come. I learn of only one concern whose timber has so far reached maturity to warrant the construction of the necessary sawmills.

Yet in New Zealand alone, no fewer than forty-four of these companies are operating at the present time.

It is astonishing to find that little or no collaboration exists between the company registration authorities at Somerset House in London and the registration officials overseas.

It is therefore impossible for the average investor to obtain information relative to his investments. Balance-sheets, issued from time to time, are anything but informative as to the individuals behind the scenes. One before me shows neither the names of the promoters nor the full list of present directors.

Official report

Now, I know that in recent years the bonds in a good many concerns of both Australian and New Zealand origin have been offered to Army and Naval officers and others in this and other countries.

These people had no means of discovering for themselves whether or not the investment was really worth while, yet the moneys raised from them by persevering agents amounted to tens of thousands of pounds.

I feel there is need for responsible supervision over these invested moneys.

The attitude of the Government of New Zealand was clearly stated two years ago in a report made by the Director of Forestry.

It is apparent from this high authority that the New Zealand Government does not support these afforestation schemes, nor does it grant any concession or monopoly. It does not undertake to safeguard the interests of investors, who must satisfy themselves as to the bonafides of any concern in which they propose to invest.

It is quite obvious that, in the light of recent events, the ramifications of these Colonial financial corporations should be enquired into, and the vast sums provided by bond and share holders properly accounted for.

I put it to the Board of Trade that its intervention in this matter is urgently necessary before it is too late.

In the meantime I strongly advise my readers to leave ventures of this nature severely alone.

MANY of my readers are anxious concerning investments they have made in certain Australian and New Zealand companies which, formed in recent years in connection with afforestation and other grandiose schemes, have obtained millions of pounds from investors in this country, India, Burma, and other British possessions.

Now the high hopes of big profits and fat dividends promised by some of these companies are never likely to be realised.

One such concern, the Forestal Timber Co., Ltd., whose registered office is at 60, Shortlands Street, Auckland, New Zealand, has already failed with heavy liabilities.

Little return

Investments in other companies I have in mind will hardly yield a profit within the lifetime of those who were induced to take up bonds valued at £25 each, less than four years ago.

In common with many others, the Forestal Timber Co., Ltd., marketed

bonds issued in respect of large tracts of forest lands, the timber obtained from which was to be eventually sold for pulp.

Some of the more alluring prospectuses went so far as to predict that, within twelve years, the bonds purchased at £25 would realise as much as £250.

I have always entertained serious doubts regarding some of these ventures, and recent events, backed by expert opinion on the spot, have confirmed my suspicions.

I am afraid the promoters in many cases have more often dreamed rosy dreams than they have schemed schemes that were practical.

It is now revealed that, owing to disease having broken out in the trees of the above-mentioned company, over a thousand acres in a plantation almost entirely owned by bondholders are a total loss.

All that the investors may hope for in this particular instance is a portion of the £23,000 held in trust by the New Zealand authorities.

Reports affording vital information which has not been forthcoming to investors have come to my hand. One, by the Forestry Service, states that some

Callousness to Ex-Soldier

THERE is no greater scandal in the country than the niggardly way in which the Ministry of Pensions persists in treating disabled ex-soldiers.

Here is a typical case where a pension has been ruthlessly refused.

The victim is Mr. Harry Whitcomb, of Clarendon Street, Paddington, London. This man gave up his work to enlist in the Royal Engineers in September, 1914, and, except for four weeks in a rest camp, remained continuously on duty until June, 1918.

He was then severely gassed, receiving burns all over his body. After being in three hospitals, he was discharged in January, 1919.

A 20 per cent. pension on account of gas-poisoning, due to service, was awarded.

During 1919 and 1920 he had severe attacks of bronchitis. In 1921 he was suffering from pleurisy and was admitted to a Ministry of Pensions hospital, while the following year he was again compelled to enter hospital for treatment.

On all these occasions the Ministry

accepted responsibility and paid treatment allowances.

In 1924 his pension was increased to the 30 per cent. rate and the diagnosis of his disability was altered to "Emphysema due to gas-poisoning."

The pension he received was, of course, insufficient to keep himself, his wife and five children, and so, as soon as he was able, he struggled to find work.

In June, 1929, that dreaded disease, pulmonary tuberculosis, developed, and at last he found himself compelled to give up the work he had obtained.

At the beginning of 1931 he was admitted to Colindale Hospital. Since then he has undergone several courses of treatment, the last of which terminated quite recently.

In March, 1932, he was notified that pension on account of tuberculosis could not be granted. "No further avenue of appeal is available in your case," the Ministry stated coldly, without one word of regret.

Before us we have several medical certificates written in Mr. Whitcomb's favour.

In one from the Paddington Tubercu-

losis Dispensary it is stated that "there is strong reason to suppose that, as he was gassed in 1918 and had an attack of pleurisy in 1921, his condition is the result of war service."

In another, a doctor at Bishopsbourne Home, Broadstairs, asserts that "there could be very little doubt that this patient, having been gassed during the year 1918 and having developed pleurisy in 1921, is quite right in attributing his present condition of pulmonary tuberculosis to war service."

Yet a third certificate from the medical superintendent of Colindale Hospital states that consideration of Mr. Whitcomb's history "strongly indicates that the tuberculous process started about the year 1919 or 1920 as a sequel to the gas in 1918."

The claim has been very strongly recommended by the local War Pensions Committee, but without any just result accruing.

This case calls for an immediate re-assessment of pension by the Ministry of Pensions, and we rely upon the Minister himself to see that it is effected.

The Boy who Lost His NAME



The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Remon, now nurtured back to health after terrible privations

behind them. For twenty days the children, guided and fed by our troops, trudged westwards to the coast. There, with 2,500 other refugees, they were put on board the s.s. *Amiral Ganteaume* for England.

The ship had only left Boulogne harbour when the German submarine U24 appeared, and its commander, Schneider, committed the first sea atrocity of the war.

Although the *Amiral Ganteaume* was unarmed and flying the Red Cross flag, he fired a torpedo into it from close

range.

Many of the helpless people on it were drowned.

Raphael Rémon, with four other children, was taken from the sea by a fishing boat and brought to England.

The boy was unconscious when Folkestone was reached, and he was put in hospital there.

For many days he was delirious, again and again living through the terrible moments when he saw his companions blown to pieces by the exploding torpedo and he was thrown into the sea among hundreds of drowning people.

In a period of consciousness a nurse asked his name.

"Raphael," he said feebly.

The nurse mistook his French pronunciation.

"Gabriel," she entered on his case paper.

"And your other name?"

"Rémon," replied the child.

Again she misheard. "*Raymond*," was the word the nurse wrote in the records.

Lost to parents

So for the rest of his life Raphael Rémon was known officially in England as Gabriel Raymond. What tragedy the simple but understandable mistake was to bring upon him and others!

Six months passed before the boy was able to leave hospital. Then, after long convalescence, he was sent upon the instructions of the British Home Office to a residential school in London.

When the British authorities supplied a list of the rescued survivors of the *Amiral Ganteaume* to the French Government it included the name "Gabriel Raymond." To them, of course, it meant nothing. No child of that name had been embarked in the refugee ship.

Raphael grew up in his English school as an English boy believing that his name was really Gabriel Raymond.

Many efforts were made by his headmaster in the first year of the war to inform the parents in France of their son's safety. But the confusion of names persisted and there was no success.

At sixteen, the war long ended, Raphael was sent from the school to a situation in London as an apprentice warehouseman. He had received a splendid English education, spoke perfect English, and had, indeed, forgotten much of his childhood language. In everything he was English. He joined an English church, played for a North

Incredible Home Office SCANDAL

London football club, and was a member of an English Parliamentary debating society.

Often he sent letters to his father. They were all returned because the name Raymond could not be traced.

From his apprentice's earnings Rémon began to save money to pay for his naturalisation as a British subject.

Before this could be achieved, he met Miss Elsie Wakeling, a nineteen-year-old girl, whose mother lives at 18, Waverley Road, Tottenham, London. They fell in love, were married by English process and had their own home.

One day Rémon visited the French Consul-General in London in connection with his contemplated naturalisation.

The Consul was puzzled by the name Gabriel Raymond. He obtained particulars of the young man's history and the French police were requested to endeavour to trace his origin.

They solved the riddle. After many months they found Raphael Rémon's father in the mining hamlet of Billy Montigny in Pas-de-Calais.

It was not only because the letters had been addressed in the name of Raymond that the father had not received news of his son all these years. When the Germans occupied Mericourt he had been sent to Billy Montigny to work in the coal pits, and it would not have been possible for news, even if properly addressed, to reach him.

When the war was over he stayed on there because he believed his boy was dead and he could not return to Mericourt with its terrible memory of the morning when the Uhlans came.

He had good reason to believe Raphael lost for ever. Long after the hostilities, the father received from the French Government a death certificate announcing that his son was missing, "drowned at sea by enemy action."

Broken-hearted

The old miner's wife had died before this news was received. She had gone to the ports to await the arrival of every ship bringing back the refugees after the war. The last ship came. Her boy was still not among the passengers. She became ill and died of a broken heart.

When these facts had been discovered, Raphael Rémon took his bride on a visit to his father at Billy Montigny.

They had not been long back in London before the authorities in France awakened fully to the fact that Rémon was still alive. They summoned him for service in the French army.

Towards the end of his service, Mrs. Rémon went for another visit to Billy Montigny, taking with her to present to her husband a baby daughter who had been born during his absence.

The three returned together to their



The young couple as they were before the drama of their lives came to its cruel culmination

home in England, where Mr. Rémon had an offer to resume his former employment.

Surely there had been enough tragedy already in this young man's life. But a worse blow was to fall.

The British immigration officials told Mr. and Mrs. Rémon when they reached England that as he was of French origin and his wife had become French by her marriage, they would only be allowed to remain in this country for one month.

Exiled

During the next month the distracted couple visited the Home Office almost daily. Their appeals were in vain. The alien laws, they were told, were rigid, and they must go.

Back to France they went with their child. There was nowhere for them to go and nothing for them to do there. Rémon's father is a frail old man without means. No one will give Rémon work. In northern France he is regarded as an Englishman and an interloper in an already crowded labour market. He and his wife are homeless and completely destitute.

Mrs. Rémon has sent her little daughter to the grandmother in London. What the child and its parents have been suffering may be judged from the fact that she arrived barefooted and reduced almost to a skeleton.

A few days ago JOHN BULL received a letter from Mrs. Rémon. It is a document of despair. It portends tragedy if something is not done quickly.

She and her husband, wandering hungry in the old battle areas in which this tragedy began so long ago, have had to sleep in old trench dug-outs.

But something can and must be done.

The British aliens regulations were intended only to stop the inflow of labour and undesirables from abroad. Work is waiting in England for Rémon; he has a spotless record.

It will be a travesty of just and humane official administration if Rémon is not permitted to return at once to the country which adopted him, changed his identity, educated him, and gave him his manhood and wife and child.

We cannot imagine our appeal for them will pass unheard.

EIGHTEEN and a half years ago a patrol of German cavalry entered a village in northern France. . . .

Three weeks later a German U-boat commander fired the first torpedo against a passenger ship. . . .

That night a British nurse in a Folkestone hospital misunderstood the pronunciation of a name by a delirious child. . . .

To-day a man and his wife are homeless and hungry, compelled to find shelter often in war-time dug-outs. . . .

Each of these incidents is a link in this narrative of strange and sad events which ends in an exhibition of the pitiless power of officialdom against innocent people who have done no wrong but are faring worse than any criminals.

For still another generation the Great War may echo its tragedies and distress, but few of its consequences upon human happiness in the distance of time will equal in pathos and cruelty the story of the present suffering of Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Rémon.

They are both still in their twenties and were, of course, little children when the happenings which were to engulf them began.

Raphael Rémon was at his lessons one day early in September, 1914, in the village school at Mericourt, to the east of Lens, in northern France.

Invasion

The morning quietness was broken suddenly, and into the village swept thousands of khaki-clad men with bayonets gleaming upon their rifles.

They were battalions of British Infantry moving to the ground behind the village to give last resistance to the German masses who had pursued them from Mons.

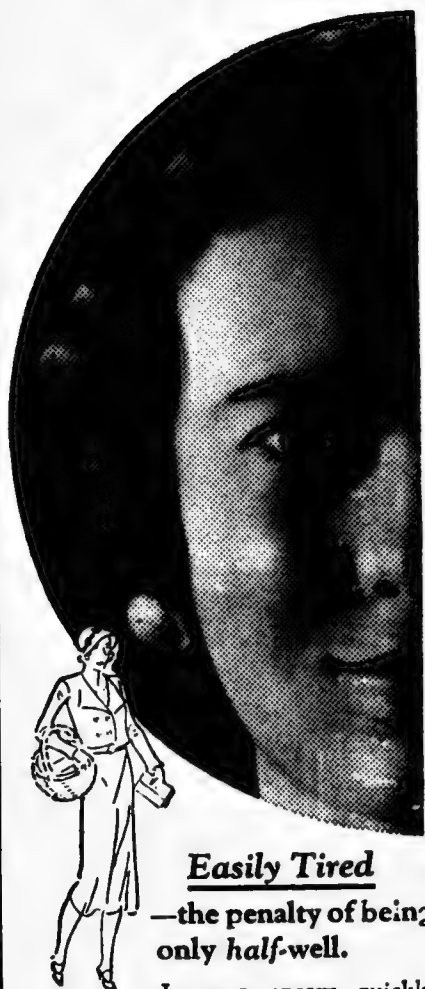
The schoolmaster took his pupils into the road when the soldiers had passed and ordered them to run to their homes.

None of the children got there. Before they could disperse, squadrons of German cavalry came up at the gallop and an officer directed the boys and girls with his sword to turn back and move towards the British positions.

Children passing backwards would be a hindrance to an advancing army, but thrust in the other direction they made a protective screen for an assault on the British lines.

The British soldiers held their fire until the little ones, forty in all, were

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Is your energy quickly used up? This isn't right! A wineglassful of Hall's Wine will help you to carry on—enable you to throw off such tiresome symptoms of your half-well state as: Nerves, Sleeplessness, Depression, Anæmia, Headaches.

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—never know why

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Now that you know that all your troubles are due to this half-well condition, determine you'll suffer it no longer. Get back health and strength swiftly and surely with Hall's Wine.

Hall's Wine quickly builds you up

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Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.

Large bottle 5/6. Smaller size 3/3.

Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

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LEG TROUBLE
You Must Have
"ELASTO"

*Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the Coupon for a generous Free Sample.

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Rudge-Whitworth Cycle catalogue
ASK any cycle dealer
Britains Best Bicycle **£4-19-6** RUDGE WHITWORTH COVENTRY

FREE
MAPS

YOU may never have heard of Prince Mussaquoi from Liberia, a black prince in more senses than one.

But a good many trusting people have, and now have every reason to regret that they ever set eyes on him.

His untrustworthy highness rightly claims descent from King Jiah, a one-time chief of the wild tribes of Liberia, but he appears to have descended a long way from the upright traditions of his forebears.

He arrived in England three years ago, and although practically penniless, soon obtained sufficient money to take him to Ireland, where he began studies at University College, Dublin.

Within a short time tradespeople became annoyed by his non-payment of bills, and a solicitor sent him a forceful letter on the subject.

Letter reminder

It happened that Mussaquoi had a letter published in a Dublin newspaper which caused a solicitor to write very pertinently to him as follows:

"Dear Sir,—We have seen your letter in the paper and we trust that same will have good effect, as it is a very well written letter if we may say so.

"Your letter, however, has reminded us that you have not paid the sum of £13 10s., which we have agreed to accept, and unless this is sent to us by Monday next a writ will be issued against you and served."

At this time Mussaquoi kept a diary which was headed "for personal reading only," and the following extracts give some indication of the queer mentality of this adventurous Prince of Liberia.

"Don't be proud"

"Remember you are a stranger, do not be too proud of your princely rank. You are a negro perhaps, but an educated one," he writes.

"White men do not like negroes as white women do—even if you don't believe this, I'm afraid it's true. 'I should love to have a negro friend, if he was a nice one,' is how these white women talk to me."

So he writes of his first adventures in Dublin.

As he swaggers along Grafton Street he remarks to himself, "What splendid physique some negroes have, admiration comes to us here."

Subsequently he thinks so highly of this great thought that he inscribes it in his diary.

But soon he grew tired of Dublin, and, coming to London, established him-

Lady Simon, to whom Prince Mussaquoi had the impudence to write appealing for funds

self in lodgings at Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, where he made many friends and cashed cheques with tradesmen.

The friendships—alas, for him—did not last; and some of the cheques—alas, for his creditors—came back dishonoured.

His financial condition was most embarrassing, and he was continually planning schemes to put money in his pocket.

While still in Dublin he contemplated the formation of a £10,000 company, to be called African Coast Traders, Ltd., which was to be registered in the Irish Free State.

In his preliminary notes he wrote: "Certain West African merchants of undoubted standing are definitely interested and are willing to take up a considerable holding of shares for cash."

But he had got his facts wrong, for

will add further sums to those due to you.

Your commission on five books will amount to £1 5s., so that by the time 320 friends are all selling books on betting and how to win, the amount due to you will be exactly £160.

The time you may devote to the fascinating art of snowball rolling is not restricted to any month of the year. Should it occupy eternity, you may be quite sure that Mail Order Services, Ltd., of Southampton Row, will not object.

Neither, it seems, will they object to friends of your friends, numbering 5,000, purchasing copies at 20s. a time.

Mail Order Services, Ltd., was registered a couple of years ago as a publishing concern. But whatever the merits of the treatise on punting, none but simple-minded folk will partake in such a selling campaign with the idea of earning the sum mentioned in the alluring circular.



A Very BLACK PRINCE

the company never came into existence, as presumably the merchants were unwilling to take up shares.

Disappointed in this direction, we next find him writing

to Lady Simon, wife of Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary, concerning the woes of his native Liberia, and attempting to obtain money from her on sympathetic grounds. But he was again faced with failure.

"I therefore appeal to you for assistance in my present plight, either directly or through any source you may think fit and proper.

"I shall be prepared to give an undertaking to repay any money that may be spent on me in this direction," he wrote to her.

Not caught

Then, his pen dripping with flattery, he continued: "Knowing the keen interest you take in my race and the amount of your valuable time spent in studying its problems, I know I cannot find a kinder friend to whom I can run for succour in my present straits."

But interested as Lady Simon was in the welfare of his country, she was wise to resist his artful appeal.

Mussaquoi had the bright idea of opening up in London as a merchant, and got in touch with several wholesale houses with the object of obtaining goods.

He found, however, that it was difficult to persuade hardened London traders into supplying goods on credit.

His dud cheques were usually made out on the Paris branch of a British bank. They were returned dishonoured to the unfortunate people who out of kindness of heart had cashed them for him.

A well-known City solicitor, to whom Mussaquoi was introduced by a friend, was persuaded to cash one for the prince, who talked airily of his banking account in Paris.

This solicitor is now a sadder and a wiser man.

Another victim is a business man living at Hampstead, who has been defrauded by means of a cheque drawn on the same Paris bank.

He is still waiting for the return of his money.

Even when he engaged in ordinary business deals, Mussaquoi's methods were at least unconventional. He intended to buy and sell fur coats, and at one time formed a partnership with

a young woman who had a small business in North London.

But his commercial schemes were usually built on reckless optimism rather than sound judgment, and this was soon discovered by his partner, with the result that the partnership came to a sudden end.

Although the prince went to Manchester recently, presumably in search of fresh fields to conquer, he did not remain there long, and is now back in London.

But it is to be hoped he will be ordered out of the country and sent back to Liberia before he can engage in any further trickery.

SHEER Impudence

FOR sheer impertinence it would be difficult to select an individual more entitled to honours than Henry Allen Ashton!

Operating from 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, a concern called Company Law Press, Ltd., of which he is a director, has published a book which with brazen temerity the Editor of JOHN BULL is requested to review.

We trust that Henry A. Ashton will not be unduly disappointed; for, having watched his efforts to fleece unsuspecting people over a number of years, we are not now furnishing him with any testimonial.

We have dealt with his tricks in our columns on several occasions. His latest pose is that of giant in the world of company flotation.

The book, dealing with company law, asks and answers all manner of questions relative to insurance policies, statutes of fraud and larceny, stamp duties and kindred matters.

Needless to say, the author is Henry Allen Ashton himself! Whatever his book contains, his record certainly seems one to justify an ample knowledge of the less reputable side of company administration.

It is not so long since, associated with the British and Foreign Investment Corporation, of Chancery Lane, he was seeking to raise capital

That was a registered business name. Another of his tinpot concerns is a company called Public Flotations, Ltd., and he also promoted a snowball ramp in connection with a publication called *The Dramatic Times*.

He has conducted a bucket shop, and directed the efforts of doubtful concerns called the London Financial Service and the London Editorial Service.

He has preyed on unwary traders and others who have been attracted by effusive circulars and cleverly worded propositions, in connection with which he has required fees.

His book on company law is not one in which we are interested.

Pushing a Snowball

MAIL ORDER SERVICES, LTD., of Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, are responsible for a circular inviting people to earn as little as 5s. or as much as £5,000 odd.

The circular explains in brief detail precisely how this is to be done.

You are requested to fill in an order form and purchase a book dealing with that complex subject of how to back horses and win.

If you are a professor of economics you will be interested in the first copy, though whether or not you will learn how to win remains a doubt.

Mail Order Services, Ltd., are not so much concerned about that. What you are required to do is to urge your friends to buy further copies. The feelings of bookmakers you needn't ascertain.

When you have sold three books your commission amounts to 5s., and it being understood that all your friends are equally enthusiastic, the copies they sell

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TURN to BARRY'S Tailoring offer on p. 16. Free Patterns of Suits, together with Fashion brochure and self-measurement chart, are offered.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 30-75 Home-made garments. Worth 25. Handmade Shawls, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. etc. Everything complete and ready to wear. Purchasers state: "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on 6d. (Bal cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA Direct from Blenders. Superior Indian and Ceylon, Specialty Blended. Cheap only in price—9 lb. 1/1- cart. paid. Trial order will satisfy. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, Ldn., E.15.

TEA.—Choice Indian and Ceylon Blended, at Wholesale Prices. Loose or Packeted. Large or Small quantities. Send for price list and samples. Foulter's, Dane Place, Bow, Ldn., E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1/6 stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. —Write. The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy: 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Spl. 2d.

FILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliances. Send 1/6 stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemol Laboratories, 1, Ramesden Road, London S.W.12.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-Consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 99), 48, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

SAMPLES of "Zeekol" Ointment and Pills, together with samples of "Zeekol" Medicated Soap and "Dogs" Face Cream, will be sent on receipt of the coupons (plus postage) appearing in the advt. on p. 23.

STEEDMAN'S FAMOUS BOOK "Hints to Mothers" will be sent free to all readers mentioning John Bull. See advt. on p. 38.

FREE.—Prove to your own satisfaction and relief that "CEPHOS" cures headaches, neuritis, insomnia, etc. Simply send a p.c. to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. 88), Blackburn, for a generous free sample. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 20.

A GENEROUS free sample of "Elasto" for Bad Legs, Circulatory diseases, etc., will be sent to readers filling in coupon on Back Cover.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash payment. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Hendon, Leeds.

LEATHER COATS CLEANED, recoloured original shade, from 10/-. Satis. guaranteed. Leather Coat Cleaning Co., Dept. 1, Wellesboro'.

SAVE MONEY ON EVERYTHING YOU BUY!—Order through John Bull's "Shop Window," pages 2 and 3.

THE Makers of "PERBIL" Oxycen Washer will send a free copy of the "Practical Washing Handbook" to every reader mentioning John Bull who writes to Joseph Crossfield & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 527, Warrington. Offer appears on the Front Cover.

A FREE TRIAL PACKET of "Bondman" Empire Blend Tobacco will be sent on receipt of Empire Blend Tobacco will be sent on receipt of a p.c. addressed to Richard Lloyd & Sons, Bridge Tobacco Factory, 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. This offer appears in the large advt. on this page.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the NESTLE'S CHOCOLATE advt. on p. 27 for a copy of the NEW Free Gift Book and voucher for 5 free coupons. A useful range of gifts can be obtained, some of which are illustrated in the announcement. Send for this Free Gift Book now—while you think of it.

FREE.—Write for leaflet telling you all about applying "ROBBIALOID" the perfect Cellulose finish, which can be applied by brush or spray. Send a p.c. to Robbialoid Works (Dept. L.B.5), Stratford, E.15. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 25.

WRITE, mentioning John Bull, to the Advertising Manager, Morecambe and Heysham, for a copy of an official Guide and Illus. folder, "The Lancashire Coast." This offer appears in the L.M.S. advt. on p. 24.

FREE.—The antiseptic properties of "ETHYLMOL" TOOTH PASTE keep dental decay germs at bay. A free 7-day gift tube is offered to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 27.

START the SHREDDED WHEAT Breakfast habit, and note the all-round gain in health and strength. Further reasons are given in the advt. on p. 25.

A FREE sample tube of "SHAVEK" will be sent to readers who cut out on p. 33 the coupon, attaching it to a piece of paper on which their name and address are written plainly, and send a 3d. stamp.

HAVE you tried DR. WATSON'S Home-brewed Ale or Stout? Send 6d. for a large sample box. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 32.

EVERY Reader ought to have a copy of the HARPIC Useful Home Book. Simply send 6d. in stamps to Harpic Mfr. Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.9), Hull.

ELECTRIC COMPANY FRAUD SHOCK

A Scoundrel Switches Off

FOR brazen impudence and bare-faced audacity a clever young scoundrel named W. Henderson, a Scotsman with charming manners and a plausible tongue, who has defrauded several trusting people of several thousand pounds, wants a lot of beating.

He has reduced fraud to a fine art and should be arrested without delay and placed behind prison walls so that he will be out of harm's way.

Early this year Henderson began his campaign of fraud by establishing the Electric Motor Maintenance Company on the ground floor at 35, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C. He then began to install a collection of nondescript machinery, which included many "museum pieces."

These were old, burnt-out motors and other equipment all worthy of the scrap-heap.

This collection of practically worthless machinery was painted up and polished until the premises of the Electric Motor Maintenance Co. began to look like an establishment that was humming with activity.

When Henderson, assisted by an able confederate known as Archie Sinclair, had, so to speak, "dressed the window" of the Tabernacle Street headquarters, the next move was to find capital.

Profitable tour

In addition to attracting investors, Henderson began a grand tour of London, and approached hundreds of firms offering the services and the wonderful organisation of the Electric Motor Maintenance Company as a means of keeping electrical machinery in order.

For sums varying from about £5 a year upwards, he undertook, with the aid of a mythical staff of highly-skilled mechanics, to make a monthly inspection of electric motors and other machinery and keep them in good run-

ning order, under a yearly contract system.

We gather from the reports of our investigators that within a short time Henderson had obtained several hundred contracts from London firms for the maintenance of their motor machinery, for which he collected cash in advance.

At the same time this talented, well-tailored and business-like young man established contact with several people who had funds to invest. One of them, a fellow Scotsman and an engineer of considerable ability, who lives at Sutton, Surrey, was so impressed by Henderson's manner and the possibilities of the Tabernacle Street firm that he invested £1,100 in it.

He wanted—money

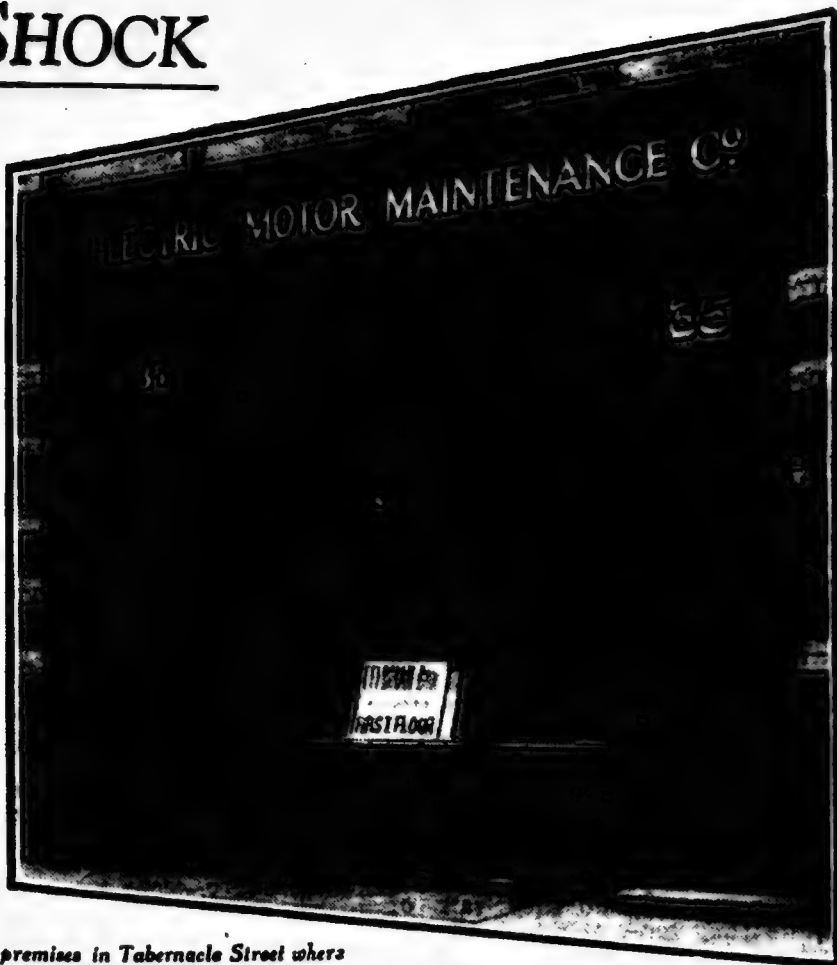
Henderson told him that he had just returned to England after spending six years in New York, and was careful to explain that he did not want a partner so much as someone to invest £1,100. He needed this sum to repay money which had been lent to his father.

To prove the bona-fides of his business he then introduced his victim to business firms from whom he had obtained contracts. He also showed him the premises at Tabernacle Street with their imposing-looking collection of dynamos, motors, and a wonderful switchboard on which were a number of dials, and a collection of electric lights which switched on and off in a most impressive manner.

Henderson, in fact, played his cards with such skill that his fellow Scotsman, on April 4, gave him a banker's draft for £1,100.

In exchange he received a lien on the machinery and other effects of the Electric Motor Maintenance Company, which were supposed to be worth more than this sum.

Our information shows that on the



The premises in Tabernacle Street where Henderson established his headquarters

following day Henderson, who had paid the banker's draft into his bank, promptly withdrew the whole amount in the form of five hundred £1 notes, and six separate £100 notes.

With this useful sum in his possession he immediately went to the Bank of England and changed the six £100 notes into £1 notes, so that he now had the whole sum in currency which he could dispose of anywhere without arousing suspicion.

Meanwhile the business at Tabernacle Street was apparently flourishing. On the Thursday preceding the Easter holiday Henderson bade a cheery good-bye to his staff and set out for Scotland where he was to spend a few days' holiday with his father. He was to return to London on the following Tuesday.

He did not come back.

Packed off

Three days later bailiffs appeared at Tabernacle Street at the instance of the landlord of the premises, and it was then discovered that Henderson had paid no rent.

There was still no sign of Henderson. A visit to his lodgings at Chalk Farm showed he had packed his bags just

before the holiday, and had left without making mention of his return.

Meantime the London firms which had paid him varying sums for the maintenance of their electrical machinery had become impatient at the non-arrival of mechanics from the Electric Motor Maintenance Company.

Other shocks

Then the landlord of the premises in Tabernacle Street insisted on the disposal of the firm's equipment, and the sale caused a series of shocks to those who had been tricked by Henderson's plausible tongue.

It was soon found that the brave array of motors, dynamos, switchboard and everything else, supposed to have been worth about £1,000 at least, were actually worth £60!

The motors were useless. A drilling machine, alleged to have cost £100, was worth £10.

The huge switchboard, with its numerous impressive-looking dials and brightly winking lights, was the crowning fake of all.

When it was dismantled it was found that two pieces of tubing which ran from the switchboard connected this imposing-looking erection with—nothing at all!

No fuses had been put in; the group of switches, the dials, and the electric lights meant less than nothing.

In fact, the only things which worked on this fake switchboard, cleverly made by Henderson to impress visitors, were the electric light bulbs which were connected to the ordinary lighting system. These flashed harmlessly when Henderson threw over the switches as he talked boastfully of his equipment.

Magical

Apparently Henderson is more magician than electrician. He is still missing from the scene of his brief triumph, and is probably enjoying a leisurely vacation in Scotland or elsewhere, using the money gained by his amazing effrontery and cool impudence.

It is to be hoped that his early arrest will terminate his ill-deserved holiday.

Frauds on the Henderson plan are on the increase; daily we hear of similar cases. It is obvious that intending investors should not part with cash unless they have been fully advised that everything is in order. A solicitor or JOHN BULL should be consulted in the first instance.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

AN American friend of mine, a lover of England, sent his son to the war to fight for us. When the boy came home he told his father that the terrible scenes through which he had passed had changed his whole attitude to life.

He felt he could no longer aim at making money or occupying a high place in the world. He wanted to get as close to Nature as possible, to till the soil with his own hands, to watch things grow, to earn his living by selling the produce of his own small ranch.

Happily, the father understood the boy's feeling; and, though not a rich man, was well enough off to buy the modest holding that was required. The venture has proved a success, and the father now tells me that he is thoroughly satisfied with his son's choice.

He says: "I am glad he ceased to want to be anything big. He has found the secret of contentment, which consists very largely in simplifying one's interests and keeping in touch with mother earth."

Another friend, a distinguished Englishman, tells me almost the same thing about his eldest son—with this difference,

that his son was longer in the war, and was so badly knocked about that when he was demobilised he was physically and mentally unfit to resume his interrupted college career.

So he, too, was put on the land and has found spiritual healing and inward peace in daily occupation with living things in garden and field.

He says he never tires of the mystery and marvel of the natural world; and now that he has installed a wireless set he manages to preserve contact with the world of human affairs also and is never lonely.

Let me mention a third case which teaches the same lesson. I know a man who went through the same hell as these others and millions more, and returned home to find his job gone. He was a clergyman's son, and his father was too poor to give him any financial backing.

Being an expert motor engineer he could perhaps have set up for himself in some great centre of population, but instead he started a small wayside business in the country.

He has had no easy time of it; he has had a hard struggle to keep going, but does not regret the step he took. He once

HEART'S EASE

told me that he would rather rub along on a few shillings a week in the country than on double or treble the amount in the town.

"People don't know what they miss," he said, "by preferring city streets to country lanes. They think the latter dull, but that is because they are not awake to their charm; I am never dull."

Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Philip Gibbs are constantly preaching the same gospel, urging public authorities to expend money wisely in enabling young fellows, for whom no employment can be found in city workshops and warehouses, to acquire and learn to cultivate their own holdings in the countryside.

It would be a good investment, for in time it would make England once more what England used to be, a land whose people live by the spade and plough.

More than this: it is a well-known fact that length of days and a tranquil mind are more readily associated with making things grow than with making machines go. There are few people, however limited their opportunities, who cannot make something grow somewhere. And their reward is heart's ease.

The GREAT CO

IF you were the proprietor of a hard-pressed manufacturing business, and found yourself confronted with an affable and efficient-looking stranger who promised to save you £20,000 or even £50,000 a year, you would listen to him, wouldn't you?

Exactly. It would be the obvious thing to do.

For that reason, and because a vast number of manufacturers, who are finding it none too easy to weather the slump, are tempted to cling to any straw in the shape of a self-styled expert with the gift of blarney and a mountain of promises, a new class of so-called Business Efficiency Experts has come into existence—a type which JOHN BULL considers it its duty to expose.

What these charlatans promise in their early negotiations is "re-organisation" that will speedily put a losing business on a paying basis or turn small profits into big. So glibly and easily do they talk of results they have achieved in the past, and can repeat in the near future, that prospective victims are almost persuaded that they are possessed of some magic wand of prosperity.

Incompetents

But once contracts are signed between these quacks and employers of labour, they show themselves in their true guise.

They know less about the particular industry concerned than the employer himself, a fact which it is not difficult to understand. They may never even have seen such a factory before.

What results they have got in the past have been obtained by robbing workers of amenities gladly bestowed on them by generous employers, and, what is even worse, throwing on to the industrial scrap-heap bread-winners who are scarcely past their prime.

All they have to sell, after all, is a cruelty and callousness and lack of humanity that enable them to effect so-called "economies" that the manufacturer could have carried out himself, and probably thought of himself and dismissed from his mind months before as harsh and contemptible, and not worthy of a man who had the true interests of his workers at heart.

But by the time the manufacturer has learned to see his commercial saviour in his true light, it is too late to make amends. The man who has wormed his way into the factory has been promised a share of whatever economies he can effect—sometimes as much as 50 per cent. of the first year's savings.

"The blow falls"

The employer studies the contract and finds himself unable to resist the iniquitous proposals of the "expert."

And so the blow falls. Loyal workers find themselves supplanted, and walk out of the business to which they have given long and devoted service—dismissed and broken-hearted.

The commercial vampire alone benefits. He pockets his fat and ill-gotten fees and departs, to crack a few bottles of champagne at the ex-

pense of the people he has broken before moving on to play the same game elsewhere in the name of Business Efficiency.

The experience of a Nottingham hosiery manufacturer with one of these gentry is typical of what is happening all over the country.

For two years he resisted all efforts of one such "expert" to see him. Then one day, when his business figures touched a low record, he consented to receive him.

Grand manner

He disliked the man at first sight. The arrogant air with which he gave orders to everyone around him, the contemptuous way in which he tossed his immaculate gloves on the managing director's desk, the impudence of the penetrating questions he asked about the firm's private affairs—all intended to create a Mussolini atmosphere—were unconvincing.

Yet the figures he produced, purporting to prove what great things he had done for a Leeds firm, had its effect. A contract was drawn up under which he was to receive half any savings he could effect in the first year.

His first act was to send for the wages list. And within three hours he had ticked off the names of more than twenty people he wanted dismissed.

Not because they were surplus to requirements. They were not. Not because they were inefficient. He had no means of judging in so short a time.

Merely because their ages ranged from 38 to 45!

Too old? Not at all. So-called business experts do not raise the cry of "too old at forty" because they honestly believe that a man of twenty is superior either in knowledge or enthusiasm to one of forty.

"Expert's" find

The fact was that successive rises of salary given to these men over twenty years or more of service had raised their salaries to such a level that it was considerably cheaper to employ younger men. And so, said this "expert," wearing the air of a man who has discovered a terrible leakage that has been going on unsuspected for years, these men had to go.

"But I value these men. I want them—every one of them," said the employer.

The "expert" turned on him disdainfully. "You have an obligation to me as well as yourself," he said. "How could I earn a penny piece if I allowed you to oppose every economy I decided to make?"

When the manufacturer pointed out that it was always his practice to give a good cash sum to any old servant he displaced, a pension when his age merited it, the so-called economist curled a lip contemptuously and told him that one month's money was generous treatment, and was all they would get.

At length the employer realised that the parasite he had taken into his factory didn't care a rap what happened to the business as long as he showed immediate economies that he could profit by.

Just as he was planning to reduce the tea-break of the typists, charge

the workpeople for the privilege of leaving their bicycles in a shed, and increase the price at which girls could buy factory waste, he was given a cheque for £1,000—which was a dead loss to the employer—and told to clear off the premises.

Another such charlatan who worked his way into the confidence of a Manchester firm actually called for 121 dismissals within a day of taking a chair in its offices. On top of that he proposed replacing one of the men with his own cousin, a man without any knowledge at all of the business.

He gave an order for the disposal of the firm's private sports and recreation ground. He said he was going thoroughly into the accounts of the canteen, announcing his determination of closing it unless he found he could work it without losing money. The limit was reached when he asked for the pensions list.



He may ne
workers at

At that the employer faced him boldly.

"Up to the present you have done nothing that I couldn't have done myself," he said. "Before you go a step further, I want to know what economies you can make apart from the money and little comforts you are stealing from my workpeople."

Nobody spared

The "expert" hadn't a single idea in his head that deserved the description of business efficiency, and he was paid off, at all too generous a figure, on the spot.

His threat to sue for breach of contract came to nothing when he was told that an opportunity of

bringing the story into th
of day would be welcome

At one factory not even
man of an officer killed i
employed by the officer's
of gratitude for the service
his son on the battlefield,
from the dismissals list o
ness efficiency "expert."

The employer, in this
ing that this commerci
would sue him and get in
sum that would ruin th
agreed to every econom
posed. He took the ex-
his own domestic staff a
minimise the injury done
A factory manager.

CONFIDENCE TRICK on EMPLOYERS

—Plague of Business Quacks



factory before, but he sacks loyal
called economy any employer, if he
could make himself.

under the "reorganisation" scheme
of another of these business bluffers
to save £180 a year, simply because
it would put the sum of £90 into the
charlatan's pocket, ended up by com-
mitting suicide.

Union dispute

To experts of this type such a
tragedy is not worth a moment's
thought. To them life is merely a
question of supply and demand,
without room for sentiment or com-
mon humanity.

A £1,200-a-year man, who has

recently managed to get another job
at £3 a week, is another victim of
one of these plunderers.

In fact, among the unemployed
to-day are to be found thousands
of victims of these people.

An important firm in the North
considers that it owes the loss of half
its once valuable business to an "ex-
pert" whom they found, all too late,
was an accountant's clerk who had
been dismissed from his employment
for drunkenness and general neglect
of his duties.

For twenty years this firm had en-
joyed the confidence of every one of
its workpeople. There was mutual
trust between employer and em-
ployed. The directors had always
made a practice of consulting the
secretary of the trade union con-
cerned before introducing any inno-

vation affecting the welfare of the
staff.

Then the efficiency "expert"
arrived with a contract, under which
he was given far more power than
the firm intended. The ultimate
result was a disastrous dispute that
all but became a strike.

Mutual mistrust took the place of
friendly co-operation. Customers
complained of "skimped" work.
Loss of trade followed. How much
of it due to the general depression
and how much to its disastrous
"economy" experiment the firm will
never discover.

Yet it has learned its lesson. The
quack type of business efficiency
man gets short shrift when he calls
at these premises to-day.

Who are these commercial quacks
who make such easy money under
the imposing title of Business Ef-
ficiency Expert, sometimes with a few
meaningless letters after their
names, meant to suggest that they
are Doctors of Industrial Psychology
or Practitioners of Commerce? The
degrees are usually self-assumed,
with no University, not even of the
cheap-jack American variety, behind
them.

Efficient types

They must be distinguished, in
the first place, from a certain type of
honest business man who has a per-
fect right to call himself an expert
in business efficiency.

There is the expert employed by
certain firms to prove that certain
methods of card indexing or dupli-
cating or book-keeping are better
than others. They help to introduce
such systems into different factories,
and their methods are beyond
reproach.

Then, again, there are organisa-
tions that have devised what they
believe to be improved methods of
factory management, systems which
link up the output of a worker with
his earnings in a new way. These
systems are the cause of considerable
controversy at times. There is
usually something to be said both for
and against them. But at any rate
they are not introduced under any
false pretence, and their promoters
are not aiming at mere fee-
snatching.

Then there are the experts which
certain chain stores introduce into

factories to enable manufacturers to
"get down to a price" without sac-
rificing quality or the wages or hap-
piness of their workpeople.

Yet again there are a few score
"free-lance" factory advisers who
really have ideas to sell—who point
out that any results they obtain will
be achieved without cutting wages,
dismissing staffs, or curtailing
amenities in any way.

The vampires of commerce, whom
we have denounced, are something
very different.

The first of them were im-
ported from America, the home of
fee-snatching commercial "stunts."
Unscrupulous and adventitious
people in this country have been all
too ready to copy them until to-day,
it is estimated, more than 300 of
them are "in practice," and their
numbers are growing every month.

Little knowledge

Their stock-in-trade is immeasur-
able bounce, the air of a City mag-
nate, clothes that suggest a director-
ship of the Bank of England, and
confidence in such measure that
within an hour of entering, say, a
glove factory for the first time, they
can purport to tell the glove maker
exactly where his methods have
been wrong for fifty years.

Of knowledge of the different busi-
nesses they elect to reorganise
they have little or none, as we have
shown. In fact, the wonder is that
employers do not ask them why, if
they have such genius as they
describe, they do not become cap-
tains of industry by opening busi-
nesses of their own—a pertinent
enough question.

The answer is, of course, that you
cannot build up a business on an
outward show of efficiency that has
not a particle of knowledge or real
merit to support it.

The audacity of this rapacious,
blood-sucking type knows no bounds.
They have even been known to de-
mand a seat on the board of
directors.

Gloom birds

More often, however, they ask for
a commission on the first year's sav-
ings. That is why they will readily
displace well-paid executives with
cheap labour, knowing that a busi-
ness will go on out of sheer momen-
tum for twelve months, and not
caring what happens to it after-
wards.

In the boom years they would have
found it difficult to earn a living.
They thrive only on depression.
They exist only because a desperate
employer will often listen to any-
thing that is lavish enough in its
promises.

The sunshine of prosperity will
wipe them out of existence alto-
gether—for they are of a type that
cannot stand the light.

You MUST PURIFY YOUR DOG'S BLOOD in Spring



MANY dogs have to be content with half-health, because their owners do not realise the fine standard of condition and high spirits which every dog can enjoy.

Your dog's skin is non-porous and he cannot clear his blood of impurities by perspiring. Food impurities are continually infecting his blood, and are now becoming dangerous as the blood heats up on these warm spring days. Unless you help him to purify his blood, his health and good spirits will gradually leave him.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders make dogs fit and keep dogs fit by purifying the blood, curing and preventing all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, continual scratching, loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes. Spring-condition your dog now; at the end of the week his healthy spirits and stylish manner will frankly surprise you.

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

That is why
BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
KEEP dogs fit!

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"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES—36



"A group of men sprang out and spread themselves across the road. They levelled their rifles at our car."

SAVED from a Y OU can get to Albania in DEATH TRAP —just by LUCK

YOU can get to Albania in thirty-six hours from London, yet when I visited it not many years ago—and I have no reason to imagine it has altered greatly since—it was more like Abyssinia or Afghanistan than anything in Europe.

The place was without railways; it had no banking system and no national currency; the villages were decimated by blood feuds, and the highlands in the interior had not been properly mapped.

With a fellow-undergraduate whom I will call Billy, I was, for a wager, driving my own car from Oxford. We had got to Scutari, the northernmost Albanian town, where we put up at the Hotel de l'Europe, and celebrated our progress over highly seasoned bits of meat eaten off a skewer, and a bottle of Hungarian white wine.

Except that I have deemed it necessary to change certain details in this story to conceal the identity of those immediately concerned, I relate this adventure exactly as it happened.

We were the only guests in the great rambling, half-finished grey stone building, and the Austrian proprietor was just explaining to us that the bathroom was in the unfinished part of it, when a cheerful voice shouted:

"Why, Sam, this place isn't all that savage after all!"

Two very obvious Americans—I should have put them in the late twenties—straw-hatted, flannel trousered, waistcoatless and belted, stood in the doorway.

"LET me introduce myself," said the older. "I'm Fergus McNeill, Attorney from Philadelphia, and this is Sam Donaldson, just through Harvard Medical School. We never reckoned on striking Englishmen out here. What are you doing, anyway?" Billy explained. Then it was Fergus's turn.

"Sam and I were on one of the in-search-of-sunshine-and-still-searching-for-it cruises, and we took a fancy to seeing this Albania. So we left the ship at Ragusa and hired a Ford to drive us to Valona. We're picking our boat up at Corfu."

"Can I offer you a lift up to Tirana to-morrow?" I asked. Tirana, at that time the Albanian capital, lay on the one road to Valona.

"Well, isn't that too bad?" said Sam. "We hired our Ford for the whole trip, but we must meet in Tirana. You're going to the Continental, I suppose—the others are worse."

Now whether the tragic events that

were then imminent have coloured my recollection or not I cannot say, but it seems to me, on looking back, that I felt a terrible sense of relief because they were not coming with us.

The landlord brought us Turkish coffee. He was lyrical over the Albanians. They were the most generous and honourable people in the Balkans; they would share their last crust with a stranger. In their own feuds their hatred was undying, but a guest was sacred, and every foreigner was in their eyes a guest.

We agreed to travel in convoy, starting off at eight in the morning to avoid the heat. Then we pledged our respective countries and Albania, and retired to our beds.

NEXT morning we drove off up a sandy road leading from the bazaar. It was a brilliant day; the minarets stood up like unlit candles to the sky; the air was full of the ring of the coppersmiths' hammers, the chatter of the merchants and their customers at their stalls, the plaintive cries of the gypsies.

It was the real East of the Arabian Nights unspooled by visiting boats, or touts or tourists.

The mountaineers were there in their white, sugar-loafed hats and striped sashes stuffed with silver-handled pistols, the merchants in dark caftans, Albanians in the white fez, Turks in the red fez, dervishes in sackcloth.

Through the crowd, veiled Moslem women flitted like shadows, and Christian women, with necklaces of gold coins and embroidered bodices, walked wide-eyed.

We turned a bend in the road, and the silence swallowed us. The grey mountains came down to hem us in, big brown eagles swept earthward.

Our car was such a tiny mite in the solitude of the Albanian highlands that I began to feel afraid.

Our American friends went ahead. Occasionally they turned round to give a cheerful wave, but it soon became obvious that we could not keep up with them.

Their Balkan chauffeur, used to bad roads, went scorching over ruts, swinging round boulders, crashing across rotten bridges, and bumping in and out

of watercourses. Half-an-hour from Scutari they were out of sight.

We plodded painfully on our way—sometimes stuck in sand, sometimes held in loose stones.

Eagles soared in an empty sky; occasionally a small green tortoise scrambled from under the car wheels.

Then, from a small cluster of odd, cactus-like bushes, a group of men sprang out and spread themselves across the road. They carried rifles, and levelled them at our car.

I might have been less alarmed had I known that this is the usual Albanian way of asking for a lift. I remember Billy took a spanner out of a side-pocket in the car with the insane intention of selling his life dearly.

TWO of the bandits or irregulars, or whatever they were, came towards us, the foremost saluting and wishing us good day. I understood that. It was the only Albanian I did understand. He spoke in a mixture of German, Italian and Serb, with much gesture to make his meaning clear.

"Were we going to Tirana?" "Yes, since the road led nowhere else."

"Well, the bridge across the Drin river was broken; we must go round by the ford."

From any implication of cowardice I must plead innocence. Neither of us doubted then that the man was telling the truth. That the bridge should be broken did not strike us merely as possible—from our experience of other Albanian bridges it seemed highly likely.

I thanked him for the warning, but pleaded my ignorance of the country and the way to the ford. He offered to guide us—and with an armed rifle.

(Continued on page 24)

Smoke WILLS'S "FOUR ACES" CIGARETTES

and get Better Boots and Shoes for Fewer Packets

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MEN'S

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240

EMPTY 5's
PACKETS
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MODEL 5. Medium-Weight Oxford Shoe in Black Box. Welled Soles. Medium Fitting

MODEL 6. As Model 5, but in Tan

LADIES'

only

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EMPTY 5's
PACKETS
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MODEL R. "Light-Weight One-Bar Shoe" in Soft Black Glace Kid. Smart Pointed Toe. Leather Soles and Military Heels

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Also Boys' Boots and Shoes in black only — 220 empty Fives Packets or 110 Vouchers



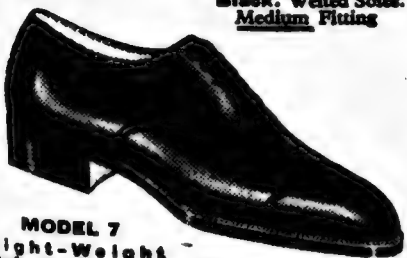
MODEL 1 Heavy Derby Boot in Black. Stout English Leather Soles. Broad Fitting



MODEL 3 Medium-Weight Gibson Shoe in Black Box. Stout Welled Soles. Broad Fitting

MODEL 2 Light-Weight Derby Boot in Black. Welled Soles. Medium Fitting

MODEL 4 As Model 3, but with Non-Slip Waterproof Soles



MODEL 7 Light-Weight Oxford Shoe in Black Box. Welled Soles. Pointed Toe



MODEL 9 Holiday or Hiking Shoe of Medium Weight. Strong and Comfortable. Non-Slip Waterproof Soles. In Tan. Broad Fitting

MODEL 8 As Model 7, but in Tan

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Supplied in Sizes 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12

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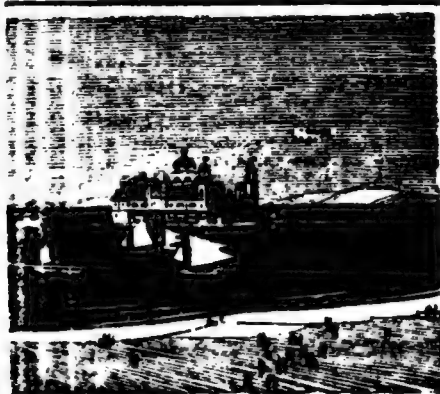
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LMS

New LMS Hotel, Morecambe, opens July 6th
LONDON MIDLAND AND
SCOTTISH RAILWAY

I might have been Shot

(Continued from page 22)

man on each running-board we took our leave of the party.

In twenty minutes they had guided us to a stony valley, where a patriarchal old fellow in a white turban was tending a herd of scraggy goats. Refusing every recompense and telling the shepherd to show us the shallows, they then went off in the direction from which we had just come.

The water was shallow; it scarcely covered the hubs of our wheels, but the stones on the beach covered our whole crank case.

THERE was a sickening wrench, then a thud, and all at once the white rocks were splashed with motor oil.

Billy jumped out and took one look—one was quite enough!—at our battered undercarriage. The ugly gash and steaming oil were eloquent of our plight—the sump was shattered, we were stranded on the bed of an Albanian stream.

As we could not stay where we were, we decided, after a quick consultation, using, I am afraid, a good deal of bad language about our armed guides, that we would plug the hole with rags and trust the oil splash and our good fortune to see us the remaining sixteen miles to Tirana.

Expecting every moment that our engine would seize, we crawled back to the main road. In a forest of stunted ilex trees we found a saw mill. It was abandoned—a chopped log dragged from its place lay straight across the road, up against a tree trunk lay the American Ford car. It was pitted with bullet-holes.

The chauffeur, limp and with a ghastly smear of blood across his face, hung across the wheel. One of the

Americans lay half hidden in a thicket into which the impact had flung him. The other was huddled at the back of the car.

They were dead, both of them.

There was nothing that either of us could do. They had all of them been killed outright. And the devilish business had obviously been carefully planned beforehand.

The transposed log, the concentrated fire, obviously from hidden riflemen posted among the ilex trees, the way we had been carefully sent on a roundabout way to delay us, pointed to an ambush arranged with forethought and deliberation.

But why? But how? Billy and I talked it over there among the ilex trees in the presence of the dead. The trap was preconcerted, yet the victims had landed in Albania only the day before.

The Albanian kills only in pursuit of an age-long quarrel, and twenty-four hours ago these men had never seen Albania.

THINGS were no clearer when we talked them over that night with Major Elderslie, a Scottish officer in the New Constabulary which the Dictator, Admed Bey Zogu, was then raising under British instructors, to preserve the security of inland Albania.

Why two absolutely innocent strangers and their driver should be murdered without provocation the very day after they had entered a country completely strange to them neither he nor we could guess.

It was not robbery, for their wallets and papers were untouched; and it could not be revenge, for it was established that neither they nor their driver had any connections with Albania. No one knew their route save ourselves. And Elderslie bore out what we knew of the Albanians' regard for strangers.

* * *

Three winters after, in a Swiss hotel, I met an Englishman from Albania. We



Tirana, the object of our reader's adventurous ride

discussed the murder which by then had become notorious.

"And still I can't imagine why it happened," I admitted.

"I can, I know," he surprised me by saying. "I was the man they wanted. At that time it was imagined, wrongly as it happened, that there were oil wells south-east from Scutari. Three powerful groups were anxious to stake the first claim to them. Well, I was the prospector for one of those combines."

"And . . ."

"And our competitors were determined that I should not get to the oil-fields alive. That ambush, as you deduced, was prepared, elaborately and expensively prepared, and not with Albanian money."

"Fortunately, I was warned in time, and at the last minute I cancelled my journey. I had no idea that a couple of American tourists would choose just that day and hour to travel to Tirana. Not one foreign car goes there in a week."

"There were two that morning," I replied.

"Then you can congratulate yourselves that those two were not together," said the Englishman.

NEXT WEEK: A reader describes some thrilling moments in New England.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

LEIGH, TYLDESLEY AND ATHERTON JOURNAL:—"It was only the impossibility of giving every child a leading part that prevented everyone of them from DESTROYING themselves."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"A pleasant Palm Sunday to you all, and don't forget to put your socks on to-night."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"The task must be unenviable until means have been found, by MISER policies."

FOOTBALL POST (Nottingham):—"It has been decided that the clubs, who protested against a change, shall play in specially-ERECTED shirts."

BALLYMENA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH:—"Captain — inspected the Glenarm FIVE-SAVING Company."

LANCASTER OBSERVER:—"The Bench ordered the girl to be sent to a school for three YEARS."

SUNDAY TIMES (Johannesburg):—"To Wash Blankets.—Dissolve an ounce of GLUE in a pint of water."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"—, not wishing to do anything to create more FICTION between husband and wife, stopped where he was."

KINGSBRIDGE GAZETTE:—"It was due to the generosity of the subscribers that the school was UNABLE to pay off the debt."

HALIFAX WEEKLY COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"Guides and Brownies formed a guard of HUMOUR at the wedding."

EASTERN DAILY PRESS:—"His left-hand shoe was MISSING."

IRISH WEEKLY TIMES:—"— struck one of the raiders with a FORKER."

LONGRIDGE ADVERTISER:—"The local RAWLING greens are reported in fine condition."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"— was fined £50 on a charge of offering a BRIDE to a Customs officer."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

"The Sun Comes Out"

"I hear leaves drinking rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.
And when the sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the sun shines bright;
'Twill be a lovely sight."

SO wrote the poet, Mr. W. H. Davies, and his verses are applicable to our "Greatest of These—"
Fund, for the "rich leaves on top" can easily be pictured as our subscribers giving help to the poor down-and-outs, the under-dogs. And "a wondrous light" certainly shines on their gifts when they reach some dark little home, bringing the happy light of an eased burden.

There is the case of Alice who was in danger of losing her sight. Her mother, because of the fund's help, is now happily settled in the little house she needed, where the sun can shine in to bring the child light.

There is also sufficient for her to give

the child the support she needs to bring her health and strength. When Alice is able to discard her dark glasses, the surely will be a "lovely sight."

We now need £6 for the child Hetty, for whom we appealed as far back as June, 1931, under the heading, "Rescue this Child." Through our readers' help, Hetty was rescued from deplorable destitution and placed in a charming home, where the fund has helped to keep her ever since.

A payment of £6 is now due for her maintenance for a further six months, and as the child is doing splendidly we make this appeal to keep her there. Subscriptions earmarked "Hetty" will be gladly accepted on her behalf.

We also need help badly for the fund generally. All subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL WAR SUFFERERS' FUND, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. As our readers know, lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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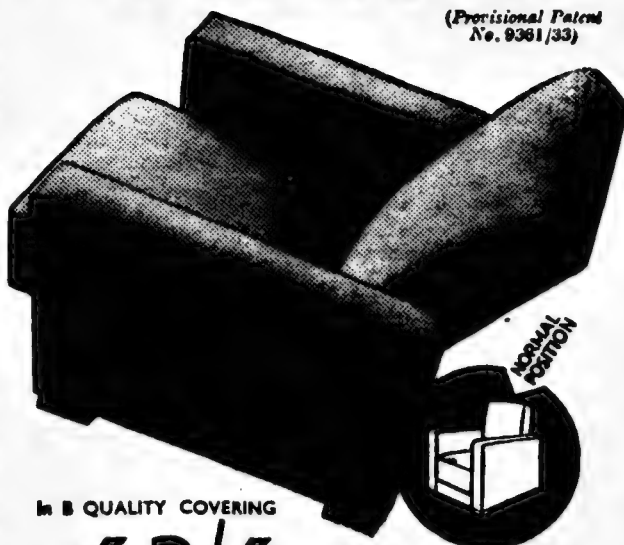
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SPECIFICATION. Best birch frame, most luxurious upholstery, seat beautifully sprung and stuffed ALL HAIR, springs in back, both detachable for cleaning. The coverings are the latest fashionable designs, in multi coloured Repps, Tapestries and Damasks. Fitted with Domes of Silence. In fact a masterpiece of quality and value.



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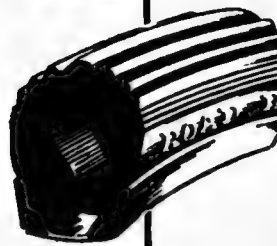
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Snobbish Relations

and how
to
**SHAME
THEM**

I HEARD a story the other day about Lord Snowden. He had gone back to the little Yorkshire town where he was born, and the next day two of his old school chums met in the street.

They started to talk about the return of the man who had risen from a poor boy to become Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"I hear you met him last night," said the first. "What's he like?" And the second answered, "He's just like he always was—he's got no swank at all."

I can think of no greater tribute to a man than that. Rudyard Kipling has told us that a man is worth while "If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, or walk with kings nor lose the common touch."

But how rare this spirit is to-day! How many there are who delight in putting on airs and graces! I am afraid that snobbery is becoming one of our most prevalent vices.

It is not only a sin of society, for you can find it in the front parlour of the humble cottage as well as in the drawing-room of the rich.

And what devastation it carries in its train. The ravages of drink, immorality and gambling can be terrible; their consequences more spectacular. But the misery and domestic tragedy caused by snobbery make wounds just as deep and often more difficult to heal.

Snobbery's hallmarks

Let me enumerate just a few of its evils. It leads married people into debt because they must "keep up appearances." Young fellows are enticed into crime because they want to "ape their betters" or "cut a dash before their best girl." It makes children ashamed of "the old folk at home." And it causes a man who has risen in the world to look down upon those whose sacrifice and generosity were the stepping-stones to his success.

Ingratitude, lying, make-believe and selfishness—these are the hall-marks of the snob.

Now let us look at two or three concrete cases.

A young man writes to tell me that some time ago his father went wrong, and so he had to cut short a very promising school career in order to go out and earn money to help to keep the home going.

"Eighteen months ago," he adds, "I met a girl who seemed to like me well enough to go about with me. At the end of six months I told her everything, keeping nothing back and although her father holds a good position and is fairly well-to-do, she answered that nothing would make any difference to her love for me."

Her mother, however, objects to the match and makes things uncomfortable for her at home. One of the reasons is that my mother used to go out to work. As I don't wish to cause bad feeling I have offered to give my girl her freedom, but though she refused it, I am only seeing her very occasionally.

"Have I done the right thing? I find the problem a difficult one, and I cannot ask my mother's advice as it would only worry her."

Frankness first

My correspondent was, of course, perfectly right to tell his girl the full story of his family troubles. Marriage is a serious business and complete frankness beforehand prevents many a heartache afterwards.

If I were in his place, however, I would not give up my girl without a struggle. He has done nothing of which to be ashamed. He cannot be held responsible for his father's misdeeds. A man should be judged by his own merits, not on what his parents may or may not have done.

And as for this young man's mother, no praise can be too high. When that husband failed she stepped bravely into the breach. I wonder what that other woman would have done in the same circumstances? Instead of honouring my correspondent for having such a mother, she makes it an objection to

her daughter going out with him. That's snobbishness with a vengeance!

The best answer this young man can give is to work hard and so prove his worth in that way. If by so doing he can induce his girl's mother to withdraw her objection—so much the better. It is better to live at peace rather than at enmity with one's prospective relatives. But if reconciliation of this character is impossible, my correspondent has the assurance of his girl that "nothing will make any difference to her love" for him. He should take her at her word.

This form of snobbery is bad enough, but here is a type that, in my opinion, is



Philip Inman is seen here in his office examining the letters of our readers

HUMAN DOCUMENTS Probed by PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL's "Humanist" and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 is. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

far worse. It is when those who have got on in the world "look down" upon those who helped them to get there.

"Before taking holy orders," writes my second correspondent, "my brother-in-law was a miner and his wife, my sister, was in service. Then the brother-in-law went to college and we helped him and my sister in every possible way. They used to spend all vacations with my mother, and naturally we were delighted with my brother-in-law's success."

"But since he has obtained a living and now lives at a rectory, both he and his wife have adopted a high and mighty attitude towards my dear old mother, who is over seventy-five, and a widow. She spent a holiday with them last summer and has regretted it ever since. She was never introduced to visitors and was slighted in every way. My mother is a woman with no guile, always ready to help anyone, and this treatment, of course, grieves her terribly."

Chief virtue

And this parson and his wife "profess to call themselves Christians." I wonder how they can reconcile such conduct with the teaching of the One they pretend to serve. Christ's fiercest denunciations were reserved for those who were obsessed with false pride.

Have this parson and his wife for-

gotten the sacrifices that were made on their behalf? If so, they should be forcibly reminded of them. And my correspondent is the one to do it.

There is one other thing he can do. He should see that his mother is never again placed in the position to be insulted by such religious snobs.

If by chance that clergyman brother-in-law should read these words, let me remind him that charity is the greatest of all Christian virtues. It is one that he should practise first of all towards his "ain folk."

My next letter is on altogether different lines. It is from a wife and shows that the best-hearted of us can often be led astray by false values. This woman writes:

"My husband is in a fairly good position and hopes one day to become a superintendent in his firm. Now, although he is anxious to prosper and has every confidence in himself, I feel he might get on better if he improved his manner of speaking. Whenever we meet anyone I always feel on thorns in case he says 'was' instead of 'were,' etc. And yet he is really one of the best and his firm think a lot of him. Do you think I am worrying over a thing that does not really matter?"

Pin-pricks

Compared with the real troubles of life, this one seems very trifling. But trifling shortcomings can be annoying. A pin-prick may be of little consequence, but it can be very irritating. If this man's bad grammar is a barrier to his promotion he should most certainly seek to correct it.

But having said that, let me urge my correspondent not to magnify this slight failing. Let me remind her that a well-known Cabinet Minister habitually drops his stitches, and he does not seem to mind very much.

This woman's husband, she says, is "one of the best," and his employers "think a lot of him." How many women would be thankful to have that said about their husbands!

I advise this wife not to worry what other people think. She loves her man. Then she should stand by him. If a choice has to be made, it is far better to have a good cake without frills than a bad one with them.

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'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline," J.33, Clifton, Bristol

AT 9.30 a.m. on a Monday morning a few weeks ago the manager of a famous jeweller's shop in the West End of London went to the safe on the first floor of the premises, where the window and showcase stock of his firm's gems was kept overnight and during week-ends.

It is only a small safe, not as big as the average kitchen gas-oven, but it contains usually about £100,000 worth of precious stones.

As he entered the room he noticed at once that the window leading on to some outhouse leads was open. Strewn about the floor was an elaborate apparatus of gas cylinders, blow-pipe jets, glistening tools and gauges, and a billowing, canopy-like mass of black cloth.

The whole of the side and front of the safe was a huge blister of scorched and calcined metal—but inside, after the safe-maker's experts had been summoned, the gems were found intact.

For a whole week-end thieves had worked on that safe with the very latest metal-cutting and melting apparatus which science has provided. In the end they had given up in despair and departed, leaving behind them about £100 worth of their elaborate safe-cutting apparatus, perhaps as a gesture of disgust at its uselessness. . . .

Poor Bill Sikes!

That represents the latest advance in the perpetual war which is being waged between the safe-maker and the cracksman. Science is aiding both, but so far the safe-maker is winning.

Ranged against the cracksman is an industry employing over 6,000 skilled craftsmen and research engineers backed by nearly £100,000 of capital. "Prevention is better than capture" is their guiding principle, and, without any criticism of our highly efficient police, insurance companies and others who are guardians of cash and negotiable wealth are very pleased.

Less pleased is the modern Bill Sikes when he is confronted with the latest development of the safe-maker's art like the safe which baffled the burglars at the West End jeweller's.

Top, bottom, door and sides are composed of successive layers of "armour-piercing" steel, as compared with the solid walled safes of a few years ago.

In addition, between each layer is sandwiched a secret compound. When the "safe blowers" electric arc or oxy-hydrogen jet burns through the outer layer of the safe it encounters this compound, which first bubbles out and then hardens into a metallic stony crust which the fiercest flame refuses to melt.

There is, however, a type of "artist cracksman" who scorns what he would call "crude methods" like safe-cutting appliances, however modern and scientific. This kind of crook is an expert on locks, particularly on the combination lock.

This is simply a dial inscribed with a series of numbers and letters and sunk into the surface of the safe-door. Once the safe is closed it can only be opened again by rotating the dial to correspond with an arranged code of numbers and letters.

Yet it is said that there are a few of these expert crooks who, given reasonable time, can defeat any lock—even some of those on the great deposit vaults, which are often capable of upward of 1,000,000 possible combinations.

Beaten by the clock

What beats them, however, is the newest device—a time lock. This is carried in addition to the usual combination lock. Its mechanism is placed inside the safe door. It is adjusted before the safe is closed, so that even the correct combination will open the safe only at a certain time. Some of these time locks can be set for as long as seven days ahead.

As if heat-defying metal and tamper-proof locks were not enough, there is also the revolving safe.

This is shaped like a sphere, with a hingeless, flush-fitting door, and mounted on a pedestal which is a safe in itself. The pedestal contains a powerful electric motor which whirls this globe safe round at many scores of revolutions a minute immediately its door is closed.

Thus the burglar's flame-jet never has a chance to concentrate on one spot and eat into the metal of the safe. And

BREAKING the Safe-Breaker



The would-be cracksman despairingly surveys a steel colossus in a bank vault. No wonder that burglars are being driven to honesty

the mechanism of the concealed driving motor is so powerful that no ordinary braking apparatus can arrest the motion of the smoothly polished globe.

When we come to the great safe deposits we encounter still more wonderful masterpieces of protection thought out by the safe-makers.

650-ton stronghold

Ever since a Berlin bank vault was robbed three years ago by burglars who tunneled under it from the street the combined resources of the safe-makers have been evolving means of preventing a repetition of this occurrence.

Their achievement can be gathered from the thief-proof equipment of a new safe-deposit opened a short time ago in the West End of London. One of the thousand steel safes in this huge treasure house is owned by the Queen and used by her to store certain personal belongings.

The outer casing of the vaults is composed of 650 tons of steel and concrete, and it is placed forty feet below the street level.

The main door weighs twenty tons and is quadruply locked with time and combination locks. Neither heat nor explosives can affect the casing or door of this colossal steel fortress.

Each of the small safes it contains can be double-locked with a single key which is held by the owner of it. But it can only be opened with two keys. The custodian of the vaults holds this second key.

Finally, cunningly concealed bell pushes are dotted about the strong room and all its approaches. Each bell communicates direct with an alarm in the adjacent police station.

So that, even if hold-up men succeeded in entering the vaults on a pretext, it would be practically impossible for them to overpower the custodians

before one of the bells was touched. And in that case the intruders would also have a posse of police to deal with in a few minutes.

But in making it difficult or impossible for the unauthorised to get in, the minds which planned this Gibraltar of a safe have not neglected to allow for the unfortunate to get out.

Only a few months ago some accountants investigating the complicated tangle of Ivar Kreuger's accounts were trapped in that crook financier's giant safe. Somebody had unwittingly closed the door and the unfortunate accountants narrowly escaped death from suffocation.

This contingency is provided against in the latest strong rooms. Inside the room is a glass-pannelled cabinet in which a red light is always dimly glowing. "Break this glass if you are accidentally locked in the strong room," says a notice on the panel.

Within the cabinet is a light switch and a telephone communicating with the custodians' rooms and an alarm bell outside the safe.

There is also a warning injunction: "The door will be opened soon. Keep cool; don't get flurried or excited!"

Forced to be honest

The complete efficiency of the protective measures now devised by the safe-makers is breaking the safe-breakers by driving them out of business.

Many have been driven into honest occupations. One famous firm of safe-makers treasures an ironical but, needless to say, anonymous letter which it recently received following an unsuccessful attempt on one of its safes:

"Congratulations on the 'job' you put in to Messrs. —. I ought to know. If it is any interest to you, I have now bought myself a share in a nice, paying little coffee-stall. Looking after that is the only 'night work' which I am going in for in future."

The little cigar with the big reputation



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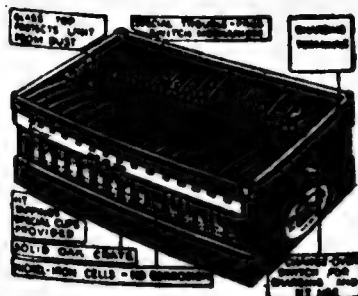
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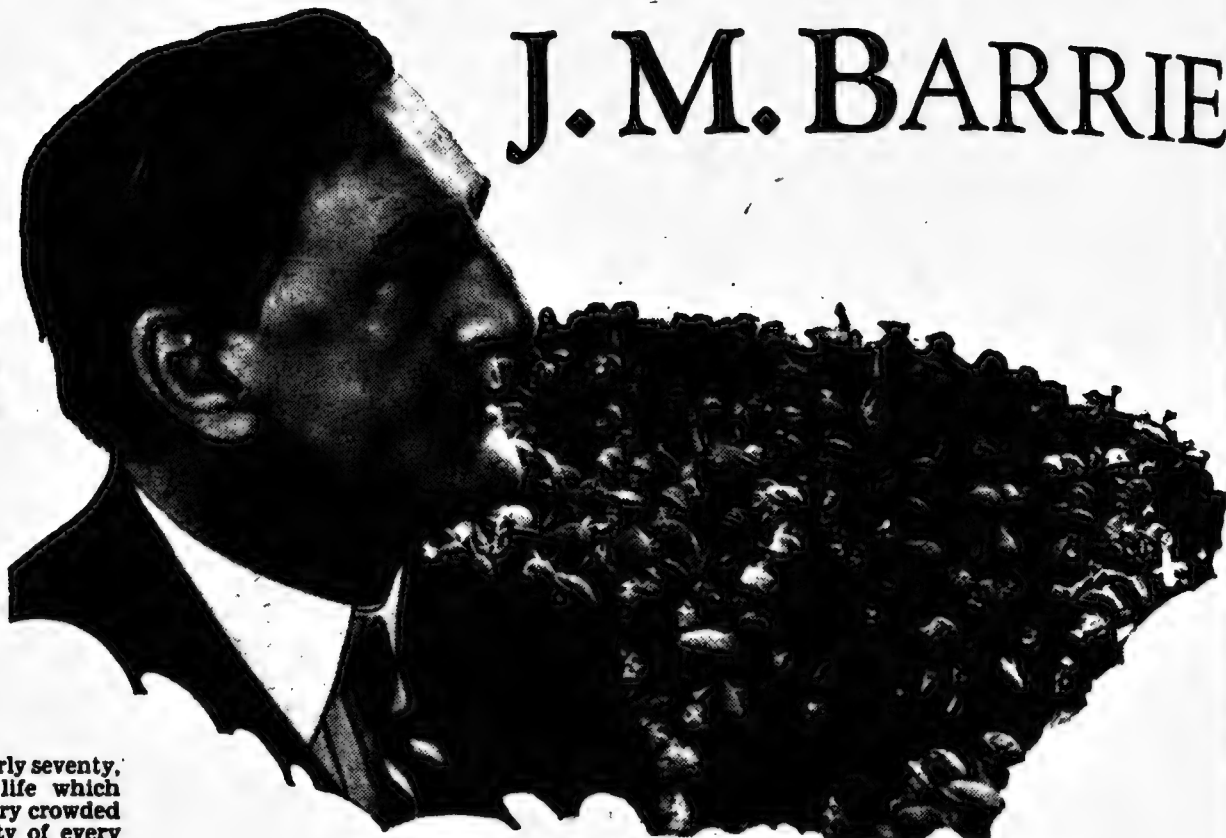
KIWI

-so much the better!

A FAMOUS NOVELIST'S Greatest Hour

When I Inspired J.M. BARRIE

Facing a noisy crowd of his supporters at the declaration of the poll gave A. E. W. Mason his greatest hour



I AM now nearly seventy, and in a life which has been very crowded with activity of every kind, it is not too easy to choose which has been my "greatest hour."

After thinking it over for some time, I find it hard to choose between four occasions—all of which I shall remember until my dying day—and I think I shall choose the one I do because, as I shall show, that moment has been preserved for posterity in an immortal play.

The first great hour in my life was the occasion of my hearing that my first novel had been accepted.

A penniless young man in London, with no friends either in literary or in publishing circles, I had not even enough money to pay for my novel to be typewritten, and it was indeed a great moment for me when I heard that my "Courtship of Morrice Buckler" had been accepted by Macmillans.

The next occasion I remember well was the day when I had made sufficient money to enable me to set out on my travels, travels which to this day I have kept up.

I went down the Red Sea to Suakim, and travelled inland with a handful of Arabs whose tongue I could not speak and none of whom spoke a word of English. During this adventurous life I slept always in the open air and developed that liking for the desert which has meant so much to me ever since.

Climbing thrill

My third great "hour" was my ascent of the Grépon, one of the most difficult of all the Alpine peaks, with two guides and several days after the official mountaineering season was over. The rocks were covered with a film of ice, and the cold was intense; several times I thought my last moment had come, but the sense of achievement at the end of my climb was worth all the risk.

But I think the experience I look back on with most affection and excitement was the occasion of my election to Parliament, as Member for Coventry.

It was in 1906, and I was at the time a moderately successful novelist. I stood for Coventry as a Liberal, and still look back on my great success with real pride.

Although at that election the Liberals swept the polls all over the country, it still gives me a thrill to think that I was able to record what was at that time the record victory in the constituency.

At that time I was seriously considering entering politics for good, but later on I changed my mind, although I still

by
A. E. W. MASON

regard my years in Parliament as by no means a waste of time.

My friends and I worked energetically throughout the election, and as the day drew near I began to feel confident of victory.

The polling day arrived, and the voting took place. My scrutineers, while the votes were being taken, were no less persons than E. V. Lucas and Sir J. M. Barrie, both of whom were, and still are, my friends.

Congratulations

It was about an hour and a half after the counting had begun that the Chief Constable for Coventry came up to me and plucked me by the arm.

"Mr. Mason, I may as well tell you now that you've already got more than half the total vote," he said. "So you're sure of election. I congratulate you."

I thanked him, and took the great news to my friends.

"I'd be glad if you'd get ready to make a dash for your hotel as soon as the poll is declared," he added, "because the crowd is sure to move over in thousands and shout for you."

I asked him how I should do it, with

ADVENTURE—

Just Around the Corner!

On the moors and the mountains of Great Britain adventure lies in wait. No longer need thrill-seekers venture thousands of miles abroad—they can take their fill just around the corner, a few hours away.

So says S. P. B. Mais, the celebrated outdoor author, who begins in this week's *Passing Show*—out to-morrow—a splendid new travel series called "There's Adventure in Britain."

In his first article Mr. Mais tells you where and how to climb and scramble to the peak of the mountain named "Adventure."

If you, like many millions of others, are discussing where to go at Whitsun this issue of the *Passing Show* will make an extra special appeal to you.

the streets so thronged. He said I would have to wend my way through the dark and musty cellars of the Town Hall to a very rarely-used back entrance and make my way through the back lanes of the town, enter my hotel by a back entrance and appear as quickly as I could on the balcony to accept the crowd's cheers and assure it of my readiness to serve its interests at Westminster.

Many of the shops in Coventry had barricaded their windows on the previous day. At the time I had been a little puzzled to know why, but I soon realised, when the day of the election came, that they had been right in expecting a huge crowd.

So, as soon as the name of the new Member was announced at the Town Hall, Barrie, Lucas and myself dashed off on our progress along deserted staircases, through ancient cellars and round the winding lanes of the back streets of Coventry. We arrived breathless at my hotel, and immediately dashed up the stairs and out on to the balcony.

An immense crowd had gathered outside to greet me, its new Member. I pulled myself together, took breath, and was preparing, despite a voice which weeks of electioneering had almost killed, to give at least a short address.

Dramatic phrase

But the crowd gave me only one second of silence before it burst into cheers—cheers which it kept up so insistently that I eventually gave up all hope of saying anything. All I could do was to smile my gratitude.

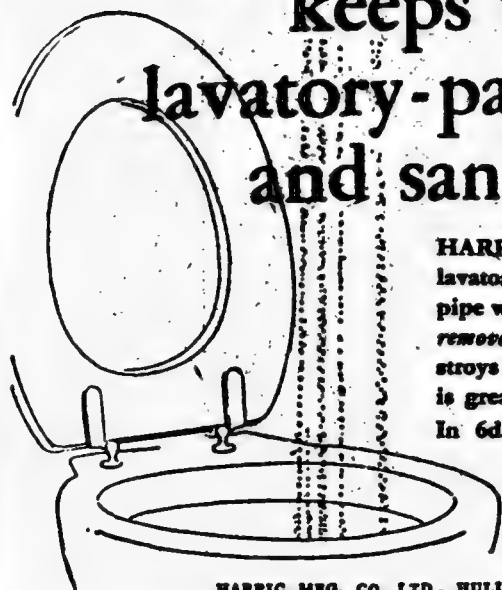
During that second in which I was able to make myself heard, all I got out was: "My constituents!"

Then the uproar swallowed me up. The most interesting thing, and a very gratifying sequel, to me was that Barrie, who followed the proceedings with an intense interest, and whose sense of the dramatic immediately spotted a good situation in what I have just described to you, used this very incident and those very words "My constituents!" to bring down the curtain on the second act of his immortal play, "What Every Woman Knows."

That is why I claim that my greatest hour will go down to history—not through any achievement of my own, but because a great dramatist was present and thought the situation big enough to include in one of his finest plays.

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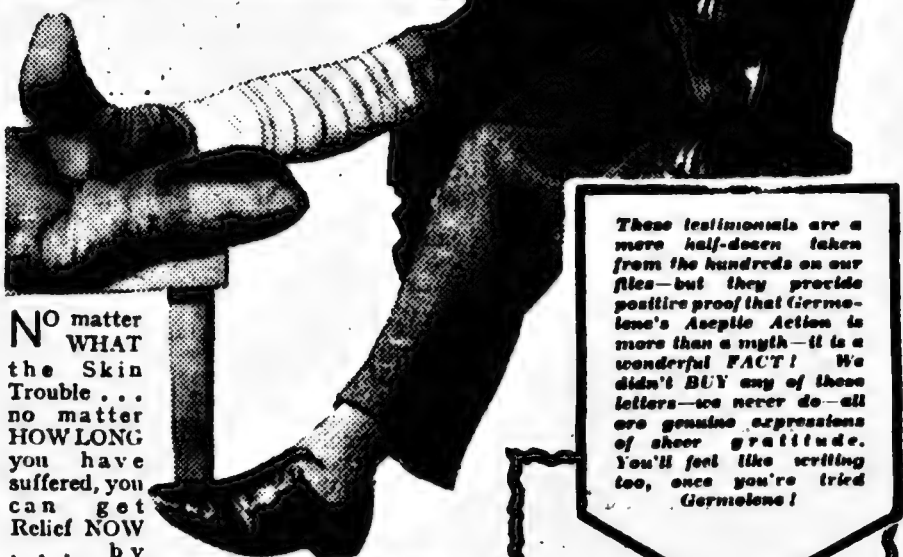
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These testimonials are a mere half-dozen taken from the hundreds on our files—but they provide positive proof that Germolene's Aseptic Action is more than a myth—it is a wonderful FACT! We didn't BUY any of these letters—we never do—all are genuine expressions of sheer gratitude. You'll feel like writing too, once you've tried Germolene!

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"For the last 23 years I have suffered with a BAD LEG. I have tried EVERY KIND of treatment, but all have failed. Then I started using your wonderful Ointment, and now I am thankful to say it is completely healed."—MRS. L. THOMAS, 70, Mill Street, Wantage, BERKS.

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"I had Eczema very bad, and tried lots of remedies without getting any results. A friend recommended Germolene and the FIRST BOX dried up the place and healed it rapidly."—R. WORTLEY, 6, Talbot St., Holbeck, LEEDS.

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"I feel I must write and thank you for your Germolene Ointment. Two sores broke out round my ankle, which got so bad I could not get about. I tried several things but without much relief... the pain right up my shin was unbearable. At last I got a tin of Germolene and to my astonishment it gave me instant relief, and in three days I could walk—in less than a week it was quite well."—MRS. E. ROBINS, COOMBE HILL, Nr. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

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HOW HOSPITALS CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY, & BLADDER DISORDERS.

Alice Landies, qualified nurse, says, Drink 'Saltrates' water for permanent results.

This is the time when hospitals experience a rush of serious functional disorder cases. The system becomes loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste and poisonous impurities, which clog the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow stomach, kidney, bladder, and skin troubles, headache, backache, biliousness, jaundiced liver, influenza, catarrh and rheumatism. Toxins and bacteria excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of disease-resisting vitality, and you have no energy; are 'nervy' and sleep badly. The real trouble is auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. Otherwise you could not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' in a half tumbler of water, and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. This pleasant-tasting and remarkably curative substance can be supplied at slight cost by any good chemist.—A. L.

JB

**WHAT TO TAKE
FOR INDIGESTION.**

WHAT TO TAKE FOR INDIGESTION.

Pain after eating, "full feeling," nausea, sickness and lack of appetite are all signs that excess acid is attacking the organs of digestion, fermenting the food and starting a train of serious troubles. A single dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will neutralise all excess acidity instantly, will banish digestive disorder and put your appetite and spirits to rights. Enjoy what you eat! Let your meals do you good; try 'Bisurated' Magnesia once and you will find it is the very thing you've been looking for—an honest, inexpensive, REAL remedy for disordered stomachs.

The DEAD CITY

YORK is dead! Standing serenely on the banks of the Ouse, it occupies to-day the same position in the industrial world as it did in the Middle Ages. Its aim in life is to be what it always has been—a cathedral city, nothing more.

Should anyone bring forward a scheme to bring trade to York, it is promptly pooh-poohed by the city fathers. Any modern buildings which are erected to house the very few big firms York shelters are said to spoil "our ancient and noble city."

York is entirely without ambition. Its municipal affairs are bungled hopelessly. Everything is done in the short-sighted, dreamy way of days fortunately gone by.

A year ago a mild sensation thrilled the dreamy city. The local newspaper announced that the transport authorities had arranged to sell the whole of the city's transport undertaking to an omnibus company.

Surprising news!

The sleepy city fathers were startled. When the City Council came to enquire into the statement, and found it was true, many of the councillors admitted that the first they knew of the scheme was when they read about it in the newspaper.

It was found that the transport undertaking was in a hopeless state. Certain sections had lost thousands of pounds during the financial year.

In other words, the council could not run the undertaking properly; some far-seeing person (most certainly not a York man) had realised this, and negotiations had quietly been opened to sell the undertaking before matters got worse.

Unfortunately for those concerned, the news had got out, and things had to come under the merciless gaze of the general public. Hot words followed.

A year has dragged on and the transport system is still being sold—by degrees, in the true York style. When it is completely sold, the city fathers will wake up and realise they have killed another golden goose.

They were asleep when a certain well-known firm of aircraft manufacturers bought premises in York, began to build their machines, and then asked the city authorities to provide them with the ground for an aerodrome.

The council was very apathetic, but, after much persuasion, the company was offered accommodation two or three miles out of the city. This was absolutely of no use to them, a fact which was made plain to the council. Nothing was done—absolutely nothing.

They went on dozing

After waiting patiently for a long time, the company announced that it was leaving York and going to Portsmouth, where it had the offer of a suitable aerodrome.

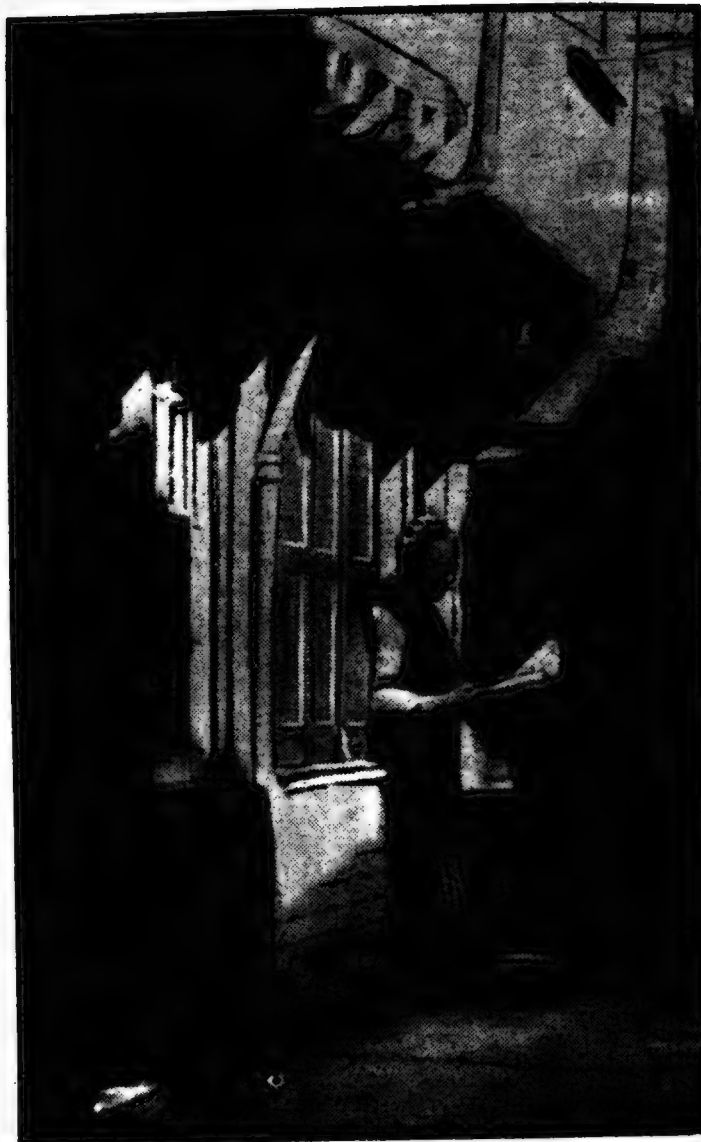
And all the time, in the city of York itself, was a part known as the Knavesmire, covering hundreds of acres, all grass land, where ten aerodromes could have been established. But no—the city fathers could not be worried with such mundane things, and so another industry was lost to York.

At one time three-masted vessels used to come up the River Ouse to York—in fact, there was quite a thriving trade on the river. Gradually this has dwindled away, and all that comes up the river now is a string of barges.

A perfectly good river is going to waste simply through lack of enterprise. And, although the authorities will not trouble to regain that lost trade, every successive Lord Mayor of York is keen enough to adopt the title of Admiral of the Ouse.

That is not the only River Ouse scandal. There is another, which is allowed to go on year after year.

In the early part of each year the river becomes swollen and certain districts are flooded. Complacently the city fathers watch this go on. Streets of houses are flooded, residents are obliged to live in their bedrooms, the lower



A quaint corner of the sleepy city of York. A tradesman enjoys his link with the outside world, the daily newspaper

by A CITIZEN

rooms being rendered unfit for habitation for weeks on end by the mud and water. Much misery and damage are caused.

Certain prominent citizens allege that if certain flood gates were worked properly, all this flooding could be entirely avoided. Although these are only suggestions, and even if the floods could not be entirely avoided, surely it is up to the authorities to do something to try to relieve the strain on these riverside districts. But no—'tis beneath their dignity.

And now there is another matter concerning which the city fathers should

WATCH FOR HIM

A SMARTLY-DRESSED crook is working an ingenious trick in Lancashire. Among his victims is a well-known Blackpool man who, while motoring, was hailed by a stranger carrying a traveller's sample-case. The stranger asked for a lift, saying that he had missed a 'bus.

In the car he chatted agreeably and mentioned himself as the principal north of England representative of a big firm of chocolate manufacturers.

Arrived at his destination he left the car, asking for the motorist's name and address, so that he might send along a gift of chocolates to the latter's wife, in recognition of the courtesy extended to him.

The Blackpool man, reaching home later in the day, found that his wife had telegraphed £20 to him at Lancaster Post Office in response to a telegram she had received in his name. The "traveller" had made hay while the sun shone!

be called to book for their lack of foresight.

Not long ago the leading women's store in the town was completely gutted by fire. This shop stood on the banks of the Ouse, the back being to the river and the front on the main street of the city.

Now, had things been as they should be, the fire would have been attacked from the front by the fire brigade and engines, and from the rear by more firemen on a fire float. Then—the shop being quite near the fire-station—all would have been well. The fire would have been got under control, and something at least would have been saved.

But it was not to be. Why? Because York, a city with whole streets of property standing on the banks of the river, had no fire float. No one even had the foresight to get one, and until this terrible fire occurred, no one realised that a fire float was needed.

Even now, some months afterwards, although a storm of criticism arose when it was known

that the city had no fire float, nothing has been done about getting one. Another riverside fire can start at any time—possibly with the same appalling result, or even something still worse.

Now for the younger end of York! Every Sunday night all the young men and young women of the city parade up and down its main street in crowds so dense that it is almost impossible for a car to be driven along that street.

Nowhere to go

All the evening these young people tramp up and down, up and down, until supper time comes along.

Now, why do they do this? Simply and solely because the city offers them no other attraction on Sunday nights.

Many of the girls are maids, who are not allowed to stay in the houses where they are employed on Sunday nights. And so out they have to go into the streets to tramp up and down.

Although the city fathers wish to clear the streets of these young people, they make no attempt to provide other accommodation or amusements for them.

One more scandalous thing about this benighted city! After a fall of rain its streets and pavements are covered with a thick coat of grease. This, of course, is highly dangerous for motor vehicles and pedestrians alike.

'Sh! don't wake them!

The city fathers just "tut tut," as they slip and slide about, but that is all that ever happens. Until one of them, or some other important person, breaks a limb through the greasy pavements and a court action ensues, nothing will be done.

No, no matter what happens, York goes on in the same sleepy way, run by a set of dreamy Daniels with no ambition and no foresight.

York—a backwater indeed!

**NO
SOAP****SHAVEX****REVOLUTION IN SHAVING****NO
BRUSH**

Mr. RALPH LYNN,
the well-known actor, writes:—
"I consider 'Shavex' really
splendid for shaving. It leaves
the face soft and sweet, also re-
moves the beard better than any
shaving soap."



Mr. LESLIE HENSON,
the famous actor, writes: "I use
'Shavex' every time I shave and
think it is the quickest, cleanest
and most delightful preparation
ever invented for shaving."

A FEW years ago
"SHAVEX" was un-
known, yet it is in every
part of the world to-day.
Millions are now using
"SHAVEX." "SHAVEX"
is the most modern and up-to-
date method of shaving. What
is more simple than wetting
the beard with water, smear-
ing a little "SHAVEX"
lightly over the beard, and
then shaving? You will get
the smoothest, cleanest, and
best shave you have ever had
and your skin will feel like
softest satin. No wrinkles
will appear, as "SHAVEX"
is a skin food. It will also
take only quarter of the time
required with soap and brush.

The skin, after being shaved
with soap and brush, often
looks and feels sore, as the
soap and brush have taken out
all the natural oil and dried
up the skin. "SHAVEX"
gives the skin natural oils
—all the creases smooth out
with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the
most perfect method of shaving
in the world. Shavex will
give you the best shave you
have ever had. Your face
will keep young, as Shavex
is a Skin Food.



All our great Admirals
have been clean shaven.
Nelson was one of our
vainest and smartest
Admirals. His love for
Lady Hamilton is old
history. Can you imag-
ine how horrified she
would have been, being
caressed by him, if he
had not been clean shaven.
Men have now a ten-

fold advantage of keep-
ing their skin young and
in a perfect condition,
without wrinkles and
shaving, in a quarter of
the time with Shavex.
Shavex is a skin food,
and it does not dry up
the skin like the soap
and brush method. It
puts natural oils back
into the pores and pre-
serves the skin.

Never before has shaving
been made so easy, so rapid
and so pleasant. No after-
lotions are required. Never
before have men been given
the true secret of youthful
looks. "SHAVEX" is a
Skin Food, Skin Tonic and
Skin Preserver, preventing
formation of wrinkles and
lines, and keeping away
the ravages of time. All
wrinkles disappear with
Shavex, as there is no soda
in Shavex to dry up the
skin. Your skin will feel
as smooth as satin, and you
will shave in a quarter the
time you would take with
soap and brush.



Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE,
the great actor, writes: "Once hav-
ing used 'Shavex' I could not use
anything else. Nothing I have used
before has left the skin so delight-
fully firm and fresh and in such a
perfect condition. I shave in a
quarter of the time."



Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS,
the famous character actor, writes:
"Your 'Shavex' is a marvelous
preparation. I have given it a
good trial at home and on tour,
and find it wonderful. I get a
fine, close, comfortable shave
and have a chapped face no more.
What a boon for travellers, especially
an actor on tour!"

**SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR
FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX**

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which
your name and address are written plainly, and send with a
2d. stamp to the Shavex Zoo-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R/11),
46, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.18.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes
and **1/6 Pots**

**WONDERFUL REDUCTION
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES**

of all Chemists and Stores.
ONE BLADE 3d. instead of 4d.
Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

SKIN DISEASES

**Cured in a Night
WE HAVE A ROOM FULL
OF TESTIMONIALS.**

Many may promise a wonderful cure;
there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of
imitations.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most
wonderful skin remedy of all time. The
cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers,
Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc.,
are rapidly and completely banished,
and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils,
Rashes, etc., disappear like magic.
Never was known any remedy like
Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin
takes on a finer and healthier glow.
It destroys everything unhealthy to the
skin. No skin disease can resist it.
Forget it being a Patent Medicine.
This is the only way we have of letting
the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous
power of skin healing. We are supply-
ing the big London Skin Hospitals, for
there is nothing in the world to compare
with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go
straight to your chemist and get a box
of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured
that your skin trouble will speedily
be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record
time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers,
Haemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad
Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL**4 FREE GIFTS COUPON**

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment
and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage.
If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated
Soap and Doge Face Cream are
also desired, send 4d. for postage
and packing. Write to the Shavex
Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18),
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.18.
Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment
at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.



BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain
away and no blister will
form.



BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the
wonderful healing prop-
erties of Zee-Kol, and in two
days they disappear.



**PIMPLES AND
BLACKHEADS.**
"I always had Black-
heads and pimples. Zee-
Kol cured them in a night
—they vanished."



**LUMBRAGO,
STIFF JOINTS, ETC.**
Splendid for Stiff Joints
rubbed in gently by the fire,
and for Rheumatism.

DOGE CREAM

**THE NEW MARVELLOUS
COMPLEXION RESTORER**

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your
complexion may be, we guaran-
tee to make it perfect with Doge
Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely
a complete restorer. It works
miracles on the skin,
and is the most ideal
complexion cream on
the market.

It is the most re-
markable and the
most perfect cream
that has ever been
blended into a face
cream. It contains
Almond Oil, and it
does not grow hair.
It preserves the skin
and takes away all
wrinkles, and leaves
the skin smooth as a
child's. It was taken
from an old Venetian
recipe.

We guarantee that
there is not another
cream in the world to
compare with Doge
Cream. It will make
the worst complexion
perfect. Send for a
sample and see its
marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not
a vanishing cream,
and does not dry up
the skin, it keeps the
skin supple, firm
and youthful.

Per Pot - - - 1/-;
Large Pot - - 2/-;
Large Tube - 3d.

Obtainable from all Chemists
and Stores.

When thinking of other face
creams remember that Doge Cream
is not like any of these. Try it
and you will never go back to any
other face cream you have ever used.

**ANTONY MEETING CLEOPATRA**

Cleopatra with her great
beauty conquered Antony
and Caesar, and what was
the secret? It has been
found that the oils used by
Cleopatra 80 years B.C.
were the same as the oils
used in Doge Cream to-day.
In the East the heat of the
sun dried the skin—but

Cleopatra kept beautiful,
young and fresh.
Doge Cream does not grow
hair—but the worst skin is
made beautiful with Doge.
Doge Cream is not a vanish-
ing cream, vanishing creams
only dry up the skin—don't
hesitate, get Doge and a
perfect complexion.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream
For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample
of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing.
Write to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. De. 6), 46,
Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.18.



ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema
all over my face and body.
I applied Zee-Kol and in
three days the Eczema had
gone."



SCALP IRRITATION.
Zee-Kol thinned with any
oil and rubbed well into
the scalp removes Dandruff
and irritation.



ABSCESS.
Zee-Kol instantly draws
out all inflammation and
the abscess is healed in
twenty-four hours.



ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affec-
tion will disappear in a few
days with Zee-Kol applied
night and morning. Its
effect is marvellous.

FOUR 3D. BLADES GIVEN AWAY.

Most of the leading newspapers are announcing a blade that has one of the keenest edges of any razor blade on the market. It was never thought that any blade could be made with such excellent sharpness and yet in shaving have such wonderful smoothness. We claim there is no blade in the world to compare with its longevity, its sharpness and smoothness. People say that it lasts five times as long as any blade now on the market, and that its wonderful sharpness still remains after long use. The sharpness of these blades is obtained by a secret process known only to ourselves. Every single blade is examined by experts before it is allowed to leave the factory. Now, every reader is given the opportunity to get four of these 3d. Shavex Super Blades free, as they are being given away to every purchaser of a New and Patented Razor. The value of this razor is 5/- but we are offering it at only 1/-. It is beautifully plated, has a patent guard that prevents one cutting oneself and can be cleaned in a second. We further guarantee that if you are not satisfied with the Razor and blades you can send them back within three days and your money will be refunded, also postage. Additional Shavex Super Blades, originally 4d. each, can now be obtained for 3d. each. Send 1/- to-day for Razor and 4 free blades to SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd., J.B. 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.—[Advt.]

Roll in
AG
PAPERS

and you are sure
of satisfaction.
Fit any machine.



THIS YEAR'S
DERBY

provides particularly good scope
for Long-Odds Commissions.

Send now for our
**FUTURE EVENTS
PRICE LIST.**

Best Prices offered consistent with
our guarantee of payment in full
up to any amount.

ONE SHILLING
up to any amount may
be invested by **LETTER**
in accordance with rules.

Commissions bearing a time stamp
up to the set time of any race will be
on at Full Starting Price or Tote
Returns as desired.

**NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE.
WINNINGS BY RETURN.**

10 agents **THE BIG TWO** Send direct
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.B.

The PROBLEM that BEATS ME

MY oldest and best friend is slowly dying of a dread disease. A trained midwife and mission nurse, her long life of succour and self-sacrifice has suddenly been cut short.

The doctors do what they can to lessen her sufferings, but dare not end them by a merciful overdose of drugs. This I can understand.

But why this heroine, who has been an angel of mercy to the poor and suffering, should have to bear this long, purposeless agony is the problem that beats me.—"Stricken," Glasgow.

Driven to Sin

In this enlightened era, and in a Christian country, marriage can be annulled only by one of the parties committing adultery.

I cannot understand why divorce cannot be obtained when parties have agreed to separate, or for desertion, or where one party is an incurable lunatic.

Surely Parliament should have enough brains to realise that the law practically compels some people to commit adultery, and it ought to right this wrong and not remain hypocritical. This reform would lead to more happiness in many blighted lives to-day.—E. B., Birkenhead.

Too Simple

Civilisation's greatest problem—disarmament—appears to me to have a very simple solution—"Disarm!" What beats me is the problem of when and how civilisation will arrive at that obvious answer.

Why statesmen should try to humanise warfare—humanise? ye gods!—or why they should debate the merits of murder with big guns as opposed to the demerits of poisoning with gas is beyond me.

Why can't the nations of the world agree that at a certain date all armaments will be scrapped, and that no more will be manufactured in future?—S. Ogden, Pendlebury.

Forward?

Is the age in which we live one of progress or reaction? In many spheres of human endeavour conditions have vastly improved. But men and women worship money to-day as fervently as ever. They think less of human life; hence the Great War and the terrible toll of the streets.

Faith in the unseen is waning, in spite of the fact that electricity, petrol and the radio are incontrovertible witnesses

Race with "Silver Ring"

I SHALL have one more opportunity of referring to the Derby, and unless anything unforeseen occurs Hyperion will be my selection, with "savers" on Highlander and Light Sussex.

Hyperion is the only notable candidate with an unblemished reputation, and at Chester he proved his adaptability for a course with bends.

If Hyperion fails, with the three-year-old form so topsy-turvy, anything may happen, hence the inclusion of Highlander as a "saver."

This colt is by the Derby winner Coronach. His last performance—on the Roodeye—was probably his best, and as it was over the full Derby distance, staying appears to be his strong suit.

During May the Lingfield Park executive will stage an Oaks Stakes Trial in addition to the Derby Trial Stakes. The latter is to be run this week-end and promises to be exceptionally interesting.

It will be recollected that April the Fifth beat Firdaussi in his classic test



What is a father to do
with them when their
schooldays are over?

of hidden power, even in the physical world.

Are we going forward or backward, or simply revolving upon a wheel of time and circumstance?—J. Procter, London.

Longer Lease

What is to become of the middle-aged man? Doctors and scientists are so clever that they have put ten years on the life of the average man—life assurance is now based on this fact—so the Psalmist's three score years and ten must now be read as four score years.

On the other side, the labour market says, "Too old at forty." There lies the problem—what shall it profit a man if he has longer to live and cannot earn the wherewithal to feed himself, and forty years to spare?—"Fifty Years Young," Hull.

Dangerous Mating

I am at a loss to understand how we can hope to produce virile and healthy descendants, or even to maintain the present standard of our nation, when we do nothing to prevent the physically and

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

mentally unfit from marrying and bearing degenerate offspring.

We legislate to prevent the marriage of near relations, yet the result of such unions would not be nearly so appalling as the dire consequences which follow the mating of physical and mental weaklings.—G. F., Portsmouth.

Transformed

The average city worker is a good-natured, well-mannered person, in his own circle. But note the transformation when on his homeward journey from business. Be it by tram, bus or train, selfishness and bad temper prevail.

People fight like maniacs to get on, glare menacingly at each other when on, and seem generally to hate the whole world!

In trains, three people spread over five seats, and detest the newcomers who make them shift up; doors are slammed in people's faces, and politeness is entirely absent. And this going home! It beats me.—A. C., Wallington.

Testing Derby Horses

last year and confirmed the form at Epsom. The pick this year for the Lingfield race are Young Lover, King Salmon, Highlander, Scarlet Tiger, Statesman, Gino and Coleherne. My choice is Highlander; if absent, King Salmon.

Perfect Night may take the Old Mill Handicap and Spaniard the Club Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 18, to Wednesday, May 24.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F
S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: 93989694WZKJ94 would read INTER-LACE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. DKYW94298 would read MAUREEN.

Father's Difficulty

What shall I do with my two sons when their schooldays are over? The struggle for existence becomes harder with the passing of every day, and fully grown men cannot make a living.

Every trade is overcrowded, and thousands of boys are leaving school and endeavouring to find jobs, some of them better trained and perhaps mentally superior to my own two sons.

The problem is unanswerable, for luck must play a great part.—A. James, Selly Oak.

Why Worry?

My baffling problem is to use foresight without worrying. It is absolutely essential to look ahead to avoid calamities involving not only myself but those dear to me.

But where foresight ends and worry begins—that is my difficulty. It is so easy to meet troubles half-way; it is so hard to "pack up your troubles in life's kit-bag."

To plan wisely, to work strenuously for the best, and then to leave everything to kindly Providence, that is my task. So far its solution has eluded me.—H. P., Wrexham.

Added Suffering

Why hands of healing should be hindered in the performance of their gracious work perplexes me. Invariably our hospitals have enormous waiting-lists—multitudes of impotent folk awaiting a "convenient season."

Such a position must, in most cases, add mental anxiety to physical suffering. What a shame!

There is no lack of sympathy, and it should be possible to find the necessary money. Then why in the name of all that is Christian (and only common-sense) are things allowed to continue as they are?—"Samaritan," Sunderland.

Penalised

Why should I, who for thirty years have toiled in the mine, and by means of thrift and self-sacrifice become the owner of my little cottage, be penalised under the means test, while the man next door, who has always earned twice my money, but has dissipated the whole of his earnings in drink and gambling, be given extended benefit under the Unemployment Act because he is destitute?

Why should thrift be penalised?—W. A. C., Rhondda.

Lowering wages, and at the same time telling you to spend more! It is simple to see that if wages were kept up money would circulate, knocking depression over on its way.—H. G. C., Edinburgh.

Why should anyone be allowed to "corner," and hold up for profit, anything that is for human consumption or use?—J. H., Bolton.

The annual profits of the G.P.O. are about £10,000,000. Yet there are thousands of postmen having to eke out a living on less than 30s. a week.—J. T., Dewsbury.

Why the Lunacy Board of Control is allowed to imprison within its institutions perfectly sane and innocent people.—D. M. B., Garth.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach us by first post Tuesday, May 23.

My Best Hobby—and Why



How Disfiguring!

Pimples and blotches will mar the beauty of any complexion, no matter how lovely it may be otherwise. They are so unnecessary, too, when regular daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, will keep the skin clear and healthy. There is nothing better for all forms of skin troubles.

Sold at all chemists.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s.3d. and 2s.6d.

Amazing Cycle Offers

ONE POUND LESS than you would pay elsewhere for any cycle. That is my guarantee to every reader of "John Bull," and moreover is proved by the Tens of Thousands who have bought cycles from me during the last FORTY YEARS. You get better value, and save agents' profits by buying—AT PRICES RANGING FROM £3 10s. 0d., or terms, from

THE LARGEST DIRECT SUPPLIER OF COVENTRY BUILT CYCLES.

All machines fully equipped with an ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, REFLECTOR, ETC., ETC., and sent CARRIAGE PAID. Send a postcard for a free catalogue.

O'Brien Ltd Coventry ALSO AT
BANBURY. SHREWSBURY. IPSWICH. PETERBORO. BURY ST EDMUNDS. NORTHAMPTON. ETC. ETC.



Huge Crossword Prize Won Outright.

Result of Competition No. 211.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—

M. Downing,
"Montfort," Sutton Park Road,
Kilburn, London, N.W.4.

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £500 and a Pension of £100 a year for life, or a lump sum of £1,250.

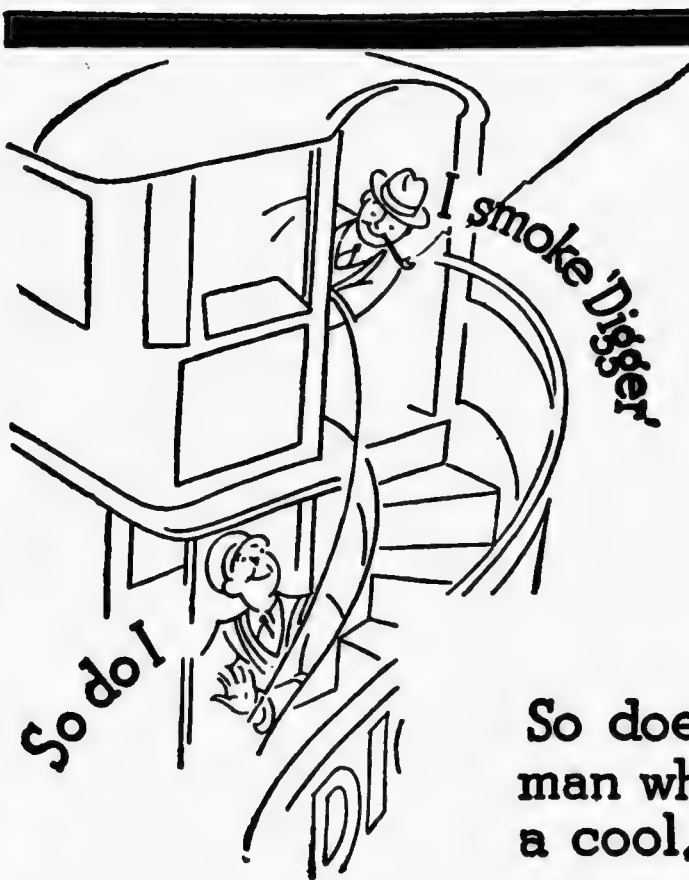
Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 30, sending £1. Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 7 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £14 5s. 9d.

Mr. Bagshaw, 18, School Lane, Leominster.
Mr. E. Green, The Grove, Garrards Road, Streatham, S.W.16.
H. Holdsworth, 163, Woodside Road, Wyke, Bradford.
G. Hiley, 728, High Road, Leyton, E.16.
G. Lazenby, Barton Villas, Stamford Bridge, York.
A. Ream, 69, Bellinghams Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
Mrs. M. Williams, 77, Duke Street, Watford, Herts.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 209.—Eight competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered in this contest and payments of £12 10s. 0d. each will be despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of £500 and a Pension of £100 a year for life, and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 38. Try your skill now!



So does every man who wants a cool, lasting smoke



PLAYER'S
DIGGER 8^D
MIXTURE PER OZ.

20.2.

GEORGE SAYS HE'LL BE LATE. IT'S THAT BLONDE AGAIN I'M SURE.

MY HUSBAND WAS JUST AS BAD—BUT JOAN, I MUST TELL YOU WHAT I DID.

—AND IN 3 DAYS ALL MY BLACKHEADS AND ENLARGED PORES HAD DISAPPEARED.

SORRY I'M LATE AGAIN JOAN—I SAY WHAT HAVE YOU DONE. YOU LOOK MARVELLOUS.

WELL JOAN, DID YOU TAKE MY ADVICE?

YES, AND IT WORKED. TOO. GEORGE IS MORE IN LOVE WITH ME THAN EVER.

Crème Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (White Colour), penetrates the pores instantly, soothes irritated skin glands, dissolves out dirt in the pores, banishes blemishes, tightens enlarged pores, whitens and softens dark rough skin. Gives indescribable new beauty

and freshness in 3 days. It should be used every morning. If you have wrinkles and sagging facial muscles you should also use Crème Tokalon Biocel Skinfood (Rose Colour) at night. It nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. This treat-

ment is guaranteed to restore the expression of youth to your face and to give you a new and beautiful complexion within 28 days or your money will be refunded in full.

WHICH GIANT X-WORD PRIZE FOR YOU?

£100

A YEAR FOR LIFE

£500

CASH

OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF

£1,250

£100

BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

£100

BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE.

QUALIFY WITH THIS BONUS COUPON

A big Extra Bonus of £50 will be divided among the winners of any prize in Crossword No. 214 provided that by Thursday, May 25 they have registered as readers of "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette".

Entrants registered for "Bull's" Bulletin, with which "Gazette" is enclosed, are already qualified and must not re-register.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No.

NAME

ADDRESS

POST TO-DAY TO "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" DEPT. 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1. Do not enclose with Crossword entry.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 1st, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 8th, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

1. He's mad in Alice in Wonderland
7. Is laid on the floor
9. 4840 square yards
10. Non-professional sportsman
13. Restored to position
15. One who must be obeyed
17. Are balanced against liabilities
19. Manufactured
22. Climbing vegetable
24. Opposite of "even"
26. Small American coin
28. Stubbish animal
31. Are piled on to willing horses
33. Umpire's decision may bring down
36. Aged
37. Annoys the players
39. Often goes on children's boots
40. Takes some finding in a haystack
41. Ship's masts are, usually

CLUES DOWN

1. Requires you to listen intently
2. Card with one pip
3. Are difficult to score
4. Add 6 to this Clue's number
5. Terrier loves to hunt one
6. One often takes this to keep clean
7. Colour of pillar-boxes
8. Where trees are sometimes planted
11. Religious ceremony
12. Rain heavily
14. Aids highwayman's escape
16. Poems
17. Assist
18. What Manx cat lacks
20. Expression of regret
21. Used to turn land to advantage
23. Refreshes you, even on hottest day
25. Comical
27. Not letting the grass grow under your feet
29. You feel like one in the morning
30. Is given to commercial traveller
32. Took doses
34. Is always black
35. Cheap cloth is produced by
38. Observe

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

- 1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-pen, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—four for four squares and ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s Co./ write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 25, 1933.
- 2.—In addition to the two shilling entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette". No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette". Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 8, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 20, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.
- 4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.
- 5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
- 6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
- 7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling.
See R 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

WATER ALERT
INEXPENSIVE
SOLID TEST
STAINLESS
N. T. H. R. I. N. S. I. E
P. L. I. N. T. H. U. S. H. A
P. A. I. S. R. E. G. A. R. D
S. T. H. U. M. S. D. A. R. T

Solution of
"John Bull"
X-Word
No. 212

Winners in 212 on page 35. Result of 212 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 212 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

H A T T E R M T U
R S T H O V
S S S M
H I P D M L E S
R O I S I V
O R I G

H A T T E R M T U
R S T H O V
S S S M
H I P D M L E S
R O I S I V
O R I G

H A T T E R M T U
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O R I G

H A T T E R M T U
R S T H O V
S S S M
H I P D M L E S
R O I S I V
O R I G

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull". Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between all Newsagents.

RECORD £3,700 X-WORD COMING!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 214—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 25.

H A T T E R M T U
R S T H O V
S S S M
H I P D M L E S
R O I S I V
O R I G

J.B. 214
In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 214—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 25.

H A T T E R M T U
R S T H O V
S S S M
H I P D M L E S
R O I S I V
O R I G

J.B. 214
In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 214,
ENTRY— 57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

£3,700 RECORD
X-WORD
COMING!

The Editor Laughs LAST

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

GOLFER (Deal).—"Yesterday I did the first hole in one." Sock?

T. W. (Norwich).—"Man proposes and—" Woman keeps his letters.

H. Y. (Darlington).—"As is only right, a king has absolutely the last word in everything." Not if the ace is out.

D. A. (Teignmouth).—"Income-tax return forms are becoming a very severe test." Of character, yes.

H. D. (Scarborough).—"Do motor cars tend to make men lazy?" Not if they are men who go about on foot.

SANDY (Greenock).—"I am disgusted when people grumble so much at the rain." Do you trade in umbrellas?

S. B. (Hammer-smith).—"I always wake up on the edge of the bed." That's where most people drop off.

TAILOR (Bond Street, W.).—"Some of my very stout customers are most annoying." You can't get round them at all?

C. B. (Wigan).—"Why do Londoners always laugh when Wigan is mentioned?" Because they don't live in Wigan.

M. F. (York).—"I possess more medals for athletics than anyone else in my district." Are you a pawnbroker?

H. W. (Deal).—"All the thinking I do is about hard work." And all the hard work you do is thinking?

L. A. F. (Southend).—"What would Julius Caesar be regarded as to-day?" The oldest man in the world.

B. B. (Tooting).—"I left a beautiful carved umbrella in a tram." Why—did your conscience prick you?

P. B. (Wyndham).—"A Chicago man who visited a cannibal island, escaped without being eaten alive." He was probably one of those tough guys.

R. S. (Bury).—"Hiking will be more popular than ever this year." We learn that the "bus companies will do their utmost to cope with the rush.

W. L. (Mortlake).—"Do you take me for a fool?" No, but what's our opinion against thousands.

ADELAIDE (Dublin).—"How can I regain my lost youth?" Try threatening him with breach of promise.

H. R. (Brighton).—"A decent fellow doesn't kiss a girl by surprise." Of course not; he only thinks he does.

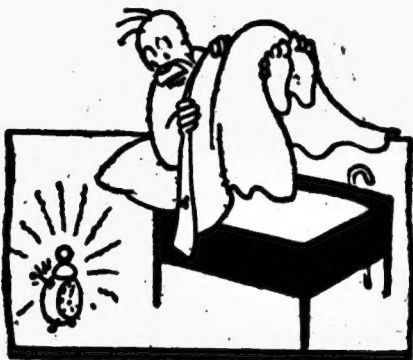
INSTRUCTOR (Hendon).—"Aviation beginners soon find their feet in the air." So do roller-skating beginners!

L. V. (Mayfair).—"The harpin is to be fashionable again." These Disarmament Conferences seem to accomplish nothing.

H. A. (Wembley).—"An Englishman has always been free to say what he likes in his own home." Provided his wife is out.

J. Y. (Maidstone).—"France and England are drifting apart." What disheartening news for Channel swimmers.

STATISTICIAN (Norbury).—"It is estimated that if a man of normal strength pushes a roller weighing two hundred-weights three hundred times over a square of grass of medium thickness—" His wife is watching.



ADAMSON
Kills Time



G. T. (Dearham).—"Most business girls nowadays strive their utmost to get on." And off.

ANTI-FEM. (Newbury).—"A woman is out of place on a racecourse." So often are the horses she backs.

L. B. (Forest Hill).—"My cup of life has been a bitter one." So you favour beer?

Eva (Maldon).—"I have no trouble in getting young men to take me out." How large is your fortune?

M. T. N. (Derby).—"You will make a fortune if you back a certain horse in the Derby." Yes; but the trouble is, there is no such thing as a "certain" horse.

P. C. (Shoreditch).—"Under Trenchard's proposals no policeman can rise above the rank of inspector." That's the limit.

L. J. K. (Wandsworth).—"These railway buffets certainly take the bun!" And that is something the customers wouldn't dream of doing.

CRICKET FAN (York).—"Our great summer game has lost all its fire." But we have the Ashes.

Mrs. T. S. (Gravesend).—"My husband does not believe in hell." You have not been married long?

F. P. T. (Knutsford).—"I want to become a writer. How should I start?" At the top of the page.

H. O. P. (Devonport).—"Last summer, while on holiday, I saved a young woman from drowning and now we are married." Which will probably teach you to mind your own business in future.

G. A. W. (Dawlish).—"My little son is only two, but very forward in his talking. How do you think he greeted me when I got home from work last night?" "Wot cher, old cock!"

B. M. (Clacton).—"I saw a picture in which the performers expressed their thoughts without opening their mouths." Many open their mouths and express no thoughts whatever.

H. O. M. (Dundee).—"I absolutely dote on my new car and give it as much attention as a baby." We should simply love to see you take it on your knee and give it its bottle before tucking it in for the night.

A. B. (Handsworth).—"What is going on in the world of fashion?" Very little.

JAWER (Rayleigh).—"A young man once kissed me and I was furious." Because he did it only once?

L. M. (Epsom).—"A woman who dyes her hair is going to the devil." First henna and then Gehenna.

M. G. (Sunbury).—"Do you know that wasps will never eat dry bread?" They want jam on it, no doubt.

S. P. (Dorking).—"Married people are all the same." Yet they all have their differences.

K. B. (Windsor).—"I hate my fiancée to use so much lipstick." Does it make you skid?

ACTOR (Brixton).—"The theatrical professional owes a lot to women." Especially landladies.

S. E. (Brent).—"The enclosed poem will set the world afire." No it won't—we'll burn it very carefully.

JOCK (Inverness).—"The recent gales blew a bottle of whisky off my shelf." Nature can be so very cruel.

B. G. (Kew).—"I put grain, bread, nuts and fruit in my garden for the birds." Most people just plant seeds.

J. D. E. (Wrexham).—"My cricket team is going all out for honours this season." Previously it has been merely "all out"?

P. C. (Hounslow).—"The thieves managed to get away through a window barely a foot square." They had a narrow escape.

J. U. P. (Darwen).—"What my wife doesn't know about cooking isn't worth knowing." Then our latest cook must know the little bit your wife doesn't.

E. B. J. (Plumstead).—"A day's trip in a charabanc is going to be our summer outing." Not if you win one of the big Cash-plus-Motoring prizes on page 39. Then you can make it a week by the sea with a limousine at your service.

FRED K. (Whitley Bay).—"I have smoked sixty cigarettes a day for five years." You must have a very well-furnished home.

T. D. (Hampstead).—"I spun a coin to decide whether I should go to my office or to golf." And on the tenth toss it came right?

H. R. (London, E.).—"Two burglars whom I knew have reformed and have for years resisted temptation to steal." A crime waver.

M. F. (Woolwich).—"Though my father has blue eyes and my mother has brown, I have one green and the other grey." How odd.

D. B. (Golders Green).—"The most popular man on the boat was a passenger weighing twenty stone." Didn't the stewards give him a wide berth?

G. A. W. (Derry).—"On her last birthday I gave my wife a rolled-gold ring and am now frightened she will discover the deception." You have a feeling of guilt.

READER (London).—"When so-called 'old soldiers' come begging, do you think there is any harm demanding the name of their regiment?" No, but you may find them suffering from loss of memory.

K. G. G. (Bridlington).—"Do you ever feel a sudden itch to go out into the wilds?" Yes, and saxophones, one-way streets, and income-tax are a few of the reasons.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



A. D. (Hawick).—"There is one thing a man should try to avoid when his wife is busy cleaning the house." We know—his wife.

COURIER'S 5 YEARS STOMACH TROUBLE

Irregular Meals Caused Mr. Robinson's Dyspepsia. Regular Doses of BILE BEANS Soon Put Him Right.

"My work as a Courier on the Continent entailed a lot of travelling and irregular meals and habits," says Mr. E. J. Robinson, of 48A, Addison Gardens, Kensington, W.14. "Five years ago I began with stomach trouble. Gradually it got such a hold on me that I could never sit down to a meal without fear of an attack of dyspepsia and wind round the heart. The pains nearly doubled me up! I also suffered from constipation and hemorrhoids. I lost weight and couldn't sleep. I consulted various doctors and had an X-Ray examination. After reading some remarkable evidence about Bile Beans I decided to give them a trial. The first dose brought relief and the second box freed me from the constipation and hemorrhoids. As I continued with these fine vegetable pills my stomach got stronger, the old pains vanished and I was able to eat food I had been afraid to touch. Bile Beans have built me up wonderfully; they keep me as fit as a fiddle." Sold everywhere at prices to suit every purse. See Registered Trade Mark, Bile Beans (No. 484261).



Mr. E. J. Robinson. "After reading some remarkable evidence about Bile Beans I decided to give them a trial. The first dose brought relief and the second box freed me from the constipation and hemorrhoids. As I continued with these fine vegetable pills my stomach got stronger, the old pains vanished and I was able to eat food I had been afraid to touch. Bile Beans have built me up wonderfully; they keep me as fit as a fiddle." Sold everywhere at prices to suit every purse. See Registered Trade Mark, Bile Beans (No. 484261).

BILE BEANS

INDIGESTION BREEDS GASTRIC ULCERS.

New Formula Brings Instant Relief.

If you suffer from any form of indigestion, wind, heartburn, fullness after eating, sickness or pain of any kind, take steps to put matters right at once. Acid stomach often leads to dangerous gastric and duodenal ulcers.

And even if, through past neglect, you are already suffering from long-standing stomach ulcer you can obtain immediate relief and eventually be cured if you follow the example of Doctors and Hospitals all over England and use the Maclean Formula.

Now you can get all the benefits of this formula, packed ready for your own use, as Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It will give you rapid relief from your agony and free you from present and future danger.

Whatever kind of indigestion you suffer from, you ought to try this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once. Any chemist can supply it, but be sure to ask for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

PILES!

NO BETTER ADVICE THAN THIS

If you are a sufferer you know the pain, misery and danger of pile trouble. There is a simple, clean-to-use remedy that will end your trouble quickly and for good. That remedy is Man Zan, which will quickly stop the dreadful irritation and certainly soothe and heal your trouble completely.

Each tube of Man Zan is fitted with a special applicator which makes the use of this soothing, healing ointment so clean and simple. You can obtain the full-size tube of Man Zan from all chemists, price 3/- Get a supply and end your weakening misery for good, or post free if remittance is sent to manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd., Croydon.

MANZAN

Brand PILE REMEDY

Constipation—Do Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills will end this trouble quickly

GRAVES FINE FURS
 Grey Opium Slip-through Cravat-scarf, as illustrated, length 36in. Made from selected skins in a soft, silky fur of exquisite appearance & durable quality. Lined Art. Silk Crope to come with 28/6, or 3/- monthly. Also in 2 and 3 foot if desired. No charge for Easy Terms. Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Ties, Wraps, &c. Keen Prices, Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

★ FREE!

There are hundreds of valuable Free Gifts offered in the Nestle's Gift Book, a copy of which will be sent to every reader of JOHN BULL who simply fills in the coupon on p. 27. Together with the Gift Book will also be sent a voucher for Five Free Coupons. Don't forget to post the coupon, which will bring you full particulars of the Gifts available, all of sterling quality, a number of which appear in the advertisement on p. 27.

GRAVES SUITS ARE GOOD
AND SAVE YOU MONEY
 Grand Suits at 42/6, 48/6, 56/6, 63/6, 70/6 and 84/6. Delivered now, payment from 5/- monthly. Any cloth and any style you wish. Lovely Suits in attractive fashionable cloths at money-saving prices. Correct fit & full satisfaction guaranteed. Full Range of Patterns Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

RILEY'S TESTED BOWLS
 FROM 24/- A PAIR
 Write for FREE catalogue
E. J. RILEY LIMITED
 Dale Works, Accrington

GRAVES CARPET SQUARES
 Rugs, Cork Lino, & Congoleum Squares, in loveliest artistic patterns & colour harmonies, at money-saving prices. Delivered Free for small deposit with order, and monthly payments. Write for handsome illustrated Catalogue, showing all kinds of floor coverings, in actual colours at Bargain Prices and Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NEW NERVES FOR OLD

The ALADDIN'S LAMP of TONICS

Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—"FOX NUTS" (the "Blue Lion" brand)—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Priced packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.
 (Dept. J.B. 50), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice on request.

GRAVES DRESSES YOU WELL
 AT VERY SMALL COST
 Lovely Frocks, Costumes, Coats, Gowns, Sports Wear, &c. in latest style & materials at money-saving prices on Easy Terms. Write for full display of styles and Patterns Post Free. Unrivalled value also in Fur, Underwear, Young Ladies' Girls' and Infants' Clothing.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES LADY'S CYCLE
BEATS THE WORLD FOR VALUE
 Same quality as our men's 'Flight' model with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, bright parts Chromium Plated, and set of A-recessors. Bargain Price is 43/17/6. No charge for instalments. Delivered Carriage Paid for 52 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Gent's model same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES TRUE RADIO
 "FALCON" 2-Valve Set in polished Oak Cabinet 16" x 16in. All-steel chassis, W.B. Transformer, S.M. Air Condenser, latest Mullard Valves, Pertrix H.T. & L.T. Batteries, Aerial Outside. Lovely tone. Price 55/10/6 or 6/- monthly. Complete Free. Table & Pedestal Sets for Batteries on Mains; also high power Screened Grid, Moving Coil, and Radio Gram Sets.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no ties.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
 (422N), 20, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
 (422N), 111, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.
 Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please write plainly)

IF YOU'VE A BABY

THE LITTLE RED BOOK WILL INTEREST YOU.

The smallest things in life are often the most important. Take, for instance, the "littlest" one—how he rules the family, making mother, father, and all other relatives, too, his absolute slaves.

How we all adore His Majesty the Baby! How terribly we worry if he is not well and bonny!

And that brings us to another small thing of great importance—Steedman's little red book, "Hints to Mothers." If you've a baby you just must have a copy, because it deals so practically with all baby's little ailments and tells what to do while awaiting the doctor in those unfortunate times of accident or serious illness.

This booklet is by no means an advertisement, although it discreetly reminds you of those other small, but very important, items—Steedman's Powders.

As you know, being made especially for little systems, Steedman's are absolutely safe and gentle, overcoming constipation and inducing a healthy regularity while cleansing and cooling the blood.

Sold everywhere at three-halfpence per packet. Insist on seeing the double EE on the packet. And in the meantime send a postcard for your copy of "Hints to Mothers," post free if you mention "John Bull," from John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

A Free Catalogue

of the latest Berkeley model, the Superlax Chair, offered on p. 25 together with free patterns of coverings and full particulars of Easy Monthly Payments of only 10/- can be obtained by filling in the Coupon in the advertisement.



Meet "Wee Jimmy"—a little orphan whose life was transformed by a big "Bullets" prize!

He's Still a Bachelor But...

WHEN Mr. J. Campbell returned from his summer holiday to his lonely bachelor home at 19, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, last August, he found awaiting him a telegram from JOHN BULL.

This magic message told him that he had won the First Prize of £600 and a Millionaire's Week-end in *Bullets* 862nd contest. Though he did not know it then, that telegram was soon to end his loneliness and open out a new world for somebody else.

Let us recall, for a reason you will appreciate later, that Mr. Campbell rose from the ranks of minor winners to the top of the prize-list for making that telling *Bullet*, *WASTED LIFE—NEEDN'T BE—BE NEEDED!* Bear in mind the message of this *Bullet*, which won for a bachelor—and now learn of the use to which he has put his prize.

First of all, Mr. Campbell arranged with JOHN BULL for his Millionaire's Week-end for Two to be converted into a £20 cheque. Then he transformed that money into seaside holidays for twenty little Paris orphans.

Through a Children's Aid Society, he sent twenty parentless youngsters off for a holiday they will remember for years. To Wee Jimmy, whom you see on this page, that week by the sea has meant far more than a holiday.

He it was who, when Mr. Campbell motored down from Paris to see his little guests, offered to be his guide.

"When it was time for me to leave," Mr. Campbell tells us, "the little chap clung to my legs, and big tears rolled down his cheeks, until I consoled him by promising to go to see him on his return to Paris."

"On arriving back in my bachelor

home," he continued, "Wee Jimmy's twinkling eyes and chubby face began to haunt me."

"One morning, a week later, I set off to the Orphanage to find out all I could about Wee Jimmy."

"His English name had already intrigued me, especially as he spoke only French. I was informed that his English father and French mother had been killed in a motor accident and, as none of his relations wanted to be 'troubled' with him, he had been sent to the Orphanage."

"When Wee Jimmy was brought in to see me, he jumped on to my knees, and said he was going to remain 'avec moi pour toujours.'"

"I made enquiries about adopting Wee Jimmy, and three weeks later, after the authorities had made enquiries about me, I was told to call for him."

"Since then," Mr. Campbell concludes, "Wee Jimmy's smile has worked wonders for me. He now speaks English as well as French, and, as he insists on having a little sister, I am plodding along to bring off another *Bullets* first!"

There are many morals to this true story, but we prefer to leave you to sort them out for yourself.

Let us add, however, that, though we have given nearly 900 First Prizes in our *Bullets* Competition, we doubt if any has ever been put to a better use than the £600 cheque secured for a few words by Mr. Campbell.

He's still a bachelor, but—And the "but" is Wee Jimmy.

£852 10s. CASH & RADIO GRAMOPHONES AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE OF £600, COMPETITION No. 891.

Mr. J. W. KNAPTON, 5, Briercliffe Avenue, Marton, Blackpool.

Example:—IN A WEAK MOMENT

Bullet:—DON'T OVERTHROW "LIFE'S EDIFICE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. Eccles, 2, Br. Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness.

Example: He Loves His Work, So

Bullet:—Prince Understands My "Loss."

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. E. Pearce, Vernon Cottage, Townsend Road, Chesham.

Example:—Just A Little

Bullet:—"Sit By," But "Buoy."

(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONES:

A. W. BLOW, 1, Worsley Road, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Money—"Measuring Stick" Beating World.

Mrs. I. F. CAW, 50, South Bigger Road, Aldridge N.B.

Come Along, Summer—"Raise Glass"—Remain "Temperate!"

G. EMERY, 122, Ashbourne Road, Liverpool.

Made Him—Saying "I'll Make It!"

Miss P. M. EVANS, St. Valerie, Priory Avenue, Taunton, Somerset.

The Postman—"Official" Waking Us Up.

Miss R. GRAINGER, 39, Bull Royd Avenue, Bradford.

We Don't "Want To Fight, But—Refuse To Refuse To.

H. B. ISHERWOOD, 12, Lobelia Avenue, Farnworth, near Bolton.

Money—"To-day's" "Driver"—"To-morrow's" "Guard."

W. McKENZIE, 429, Paisley Road West, Ibrox.

Full Up—Misery's Cup—Planty's Horn.

A. D. ROSE, 34, Darby Crescent, Sunbury-on-Thames.

Our Country—Gem "Attached To Crown."

Mrs. O. STEMP, Shipley Hill, Northchapel, Sussex.

Made Him—Happy "Prisoner," "Her Wor-

ship."

J. WILLIAMSON, 66, Athens Street, Stockport. In The Excitement—Village Premier Launched Life-boat!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. AND RADIO GRAMOPHONES:

J. M. BEVAN, 42, Brighton Road, Gorseinon, Swansea.

Wise Teacher—Hides Cane—Subject, "Disarmament."

Mrs. C. H. BRIDGES, c/o Mrs. T. Dean, 165, Green Way, Uxbridge.

In A Weak Moment—"Lifted" Stone—Quarrying Now.

(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A. BROMLEY, 16, Claremont Square, London, N.

Money—"Propeller"—Foolish Economy

"Fouls."

A. BOYLES, 12, Preston Parade, Beeston, Leeds.

Wise Teacher—Rewarded—Dunce—"Crowned" Him.

F. J. GREENHILL, King Street, Royston.

We Don't Want To Fight, But—We're Ready For War-monger.

Mrs. E. HANNON, 43, Asclea Crescent, Wigan.

Made Him—Employer's "Favourite." His Speed.

H. HARRISON, 5, Green Avenue, Birmingham.

Love's Magic—Makes Cynic's Logic Come.

V. KERNAN, 75, Firgrove Road, Southampton.

Money—Scarce, Since Moneyed Scared.

W. MADDEN, 37, Churchfield Avenue, Cudworth, Barnsley.

Our Country—Ranks High—"Ranks" Sgh.

Mrs. R. OSTLER, 22, Battenburg Avenue, N.E. Portsmouth, Hants.

Wise Teacher—"Training Flowers"—Without "Heat."

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.



5 BIG CASH AND MOTORING PRIZES IN THIS INCREASED 'BULLETS' OFFER

£700

AND ONE WEEK'S FREE MOTORING

CLOSING SAT. MAY 27

£50 AND FREE MOTORING

£30 AND FREE MOTORING

£25 AND FREE MOTORING

£20 AND FREE MOTORING

Enjoy
A CAR AT
JOHN BULL'S
EXPENSE!

If you are one of the five chief winners in this week's contest you will receive a WEEK'S FREE MOTORING as an extra reward. For any seven consecutive days before Sept. 30, 1933, you will be provided with a luxurious limousine and chauffeur. The car will be yours to command—you can set off for a glorious week by the sea, a visit to relations in some distant part of England, Scotland or Wales, or enjoy for a week a daily jaunt from your home into the surrounding country. Thus, for seven glorious days this summer, you will enjoy the countless benefits of owning a magnificent 5-Seater Saloon Car, with a Chauffeur at your service—and all at "John Bull's" expense!

10,570
OTHER
PRIZES

10 of £5... 10 of £2.10... 50 of 10/-
500 of 2'6... 2,000 'RED SEAL'
TARGETS... 8,000 'TARGETS'

ONE WEEK ONLY

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,100 MUST BE WON!

SUMMER, 1933, is going to be golden for some "Bulleter"! This week's First Prize has soared to the fine round sum of £700. And besides this huge cash award the First Prize-winner will also be entitled to a week's free motoring at JOHN BULL'S expense.

What is more, each of the five principal awards is accompanied by seven days' unrestricted use of a luxurious five-seater limousine, driven by an experienced chauffeur.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to any of the Examples on this page. Suppose, for instance, you were working on the Example PENNY OFF THE PINT, by adding the words INVEST IN FAMILY'S MILK! you would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page, noting carefully the clever phrasing which has carried them into the prize list.

Then go ahead making your own *Bullets*—and see that your entry is in by Saturday, May 27.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TREMBLING IN THE BALANCE
BETWEEN THE NATIONS
GARDEN OF PEACE
PENNY OFF THE PINT
OUT CAME THE SUN AND
COMMANDS RESPECT
BEAST OF BURDEN
WHEN DAD CAMPED OUT
STEP HE REGRETTED
IN PLAYFUL MOOD
NOT STRONG ENOUGH
WHEN HUSBY'S SICK
HANDLED WITH CARE
NEEDS PUTTING RIGHT
AGAINST THE STREAM
IN THE WRONG HANDS

BROUGHT TO LIFE
FLIRTING
ONE AT A TIME
BY FORCE
BROKEN
LOOKS FUNNY
AT OUR PICTURE
KINDLY
JUST HER LUCK
SAVED HIM
THE ANGLER
HOKED
MAKING AMENDS
SUPPORTING HER
TISSUE OF LIES
SUDDEN CHANGE

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 895 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for 500 guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in No. 895 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Hardisty, 155, Park Lane, Leeds.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE 3-IN-1 HELP!

TO the practical aid of *Bullets Bulletin* many competitors owe a huge success. Register for a free 12 weeks' supply by posting this coupon to-day and make sure of securing the greatly enlarged 3-in-1 issue, incorporating *Posting Sheet's Complete Courier* and *John Bull's Crossword Gazette*.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "A Co.") payable to JOHN BULL to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name

Address

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 38, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(895) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. May 27 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(895) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. May 27 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 1s.	Signed Address

Set down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(895) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. May 27 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed Address

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
(895) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT. May 27 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry "Bullets" No. 895, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /A Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

YET ANOTHER
INCREASE IN
NEXT WEEK'S

FINAL CASH and PRIZES! MOTORING

Do You Dread STAIR CLIMBING? Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by the Wonderful New Biological Treatment—Elasto.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What users of Elasto say:

- "Elasto put new life into me."
- "Wonderfully active at 80."
- "My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
- "Now walk long distances with ease."
- "Elasto has cured my bad legs."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "Now free from piles."
- "I feel 10 years younger."
- "It put me on my feet."
- "Varicose veins completely gone."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
- "I am now free from pain."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet."
- "Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
- "I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
- "Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
- "Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
- "Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
- "Elasto has saved me pounds."
- "Elasto should be more widely known to the public."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

These extracts are taken from letters received from people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new blood treatment—ELASTO.



Not
Magic,
But
Acts
Like
It!

We claim full Proprietary Rights in this Preparation.
There are no Substitutes for Elasto.



"No Sign of Varicose Veins Now."

How grateful I am I gave Elasto a trial! My leg had been bad for years, but now, thanks to your wonderful treatment, there is no sign of varicose veins, and I feel ever so well in myself. My friends all say how young I seem. I nip about like a girl of 16, and yesterday I rode 30 miles on my cycle. I cannot speak too highly of Elasto, and to think the cost is so small. I don't think that any woman should be without Elasto, quite apart from leg troubles, and I shall keep a bottle by me.

(Signed) Mrs. A. WASSELL, Luton Lodge, Luton Hoe Park, Luton.

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS

My Ailment is.....

John Bull 20/5/33

Elasto Will Save You Time, Worry, Suffering and Expense. It Improves the General Health and Increases Vitality.

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose ailments, rheumatism and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and de-vitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal circulation; the real basis of sound health.

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto corrects varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also corrects piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur. The remedy you have often longed for!

The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd., Sole Proprietors of Elasto (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!